Collision: The Sequel by BCI603

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Summary: Now that marriages (engagements) have formed, and kids are in the picture, it's important that the Losers and the Party keep the fun going, now that all paranormal bullshit is out of the way. Not to say there aren't any bad times, because no one's lives are perfect, but they do their bests to have fun and live life like they were meant to do. Other pairings: Reddie, Billverly, etc

1. Chapter 1

I HAVEN'T ABANDONED YOU GUYS I PROMISE. God it's been a while since I updated anything, I've been incredibly busy the last couple weeks. That and I haven't had much inspiration to write, so yeah haha. I'm not sure when I'll update this again but I'm gonna try and update once a week, every Friday! (It's Friday for me as I post this) I hope you guys like it! You're in for a LOT of fun, happy times, as well as some sad-ish times, but that's life so what're ya gonna do?

Also, Phieilly and I couldn't come up with a good title for shit, so Collision: The Sequel was born! The second best title was Wallop, but that isn't the best name for a story so, ya XD

Tuesday, August 11, 1992

"So, do you two plan to get married before or after the baby gets here?" Eddie asked, taking a sip from his drink. He and Richie had gone out to dinner with Mike and El.

"Before, we actually already have the date." El said, giving them a bit of a shy smile.

"What?" Richie shrieked then slapped a hand over his mouth. Mike made a face. "Sorry, that was loud."

"Never bothered you before." Eddie said, raising an eyebrow. Richie stuck his tongue out at him.

"What's the date?" Richie asked.

"November twenty eighth." Mike replied instantly. Richie raised his own eyebrow and chuckled.

"Eager, are we? I mean, you've already got her pregnant." Mike scowled at him and kicked him under the table. "Ow! Ass." Mike rolled his eyes.

"We don't want a very big wedding." El said, popping a fry in her

mouth and leaning against Mike's side. "Just close friends and family."

"Our grandparents are going to come." Mike told Richie, who's eyes went wide.

"I have grandparents?" He nearly whispered. Mike blinked, and then made a face.

"Um, yeah? Mom's mom, we just call her Nana, and dad's dad, he goes by Grandpa Wheeler." Mike explained. "The ring was Pa's ring." Richie's eyes widened and he stared at the ring for a second, and then looked at Eddie.

"What?" He squeaked.

"Your mom didn't tell you?" Eddie asked. Richie shook his head.

"Pa wanted one of us to have it, when he died." Mike told him. Richie turned back to him. "At least that's what mom told me."

"I asked her for permission last week." Eddie said, blushing a little. "And I had the cheapest possible band that would probably break because of how rough you are with your hands." Richie wiggled his eyebrows. "Not like that, dipshit."

"Hey, there's a child here, you dips." El said, pointing at them. Mike snorted and Richie laughed. Eddie grinned, but continued.

"She went and got it for me and switched the rings out, explaining that your grandpa wanted you or Mike to have it, if you ever found your way back to them. Said that Mike didn't exactly like it, and she thought you'd love it."

"Well I do." He said softly. "Remind me to thank her." He said after a couple seconds. Then he looked at Mike, "Why don't you like it?" He put his hand in Mike's face and he barely flinched.

"Mike's not the flashy type." El responded for him. "He just wants a simple gold band."

"How are we even twins, we're like completely opposite."

"Nah." Mike said.

"Nah?"

"Nah. We're alike, you're just a lot more outgoing and shit than I am.

"That's a good thing, right?"

"Yeah." Mike snorted. He stood up. "Come with me for a second." He said.

"Are you gonna kill me?" Richie asked, tilting his head to the side. "Buttering me up then kill me?" Mike sighed and rolled his eyes.

"Thinking about it." He muttered. Richie snickered and pecked Eddie on the cheek before following his brother out the door. Eddie rolled his eyes and looked at El, who was trying to hide her grin with her hand.

"What?" He asked, making a face. She just grinned wider.

"Mike's asking him to be his best man." She told him. Eddie's eyes widened.

"Five bucks he's gonna cry." He said immediately. She laughed and they shook on it.

"You're kinda quiet today, dude, more so than usual." Richie said, leaning against the wall. "You good?"

"Uh, I wanted to ask you something, actually." Richie looked at him.

"Yeah?"

"Will you be my best man?" He asked quickly. Richie stared at him for a second.

"Best man?" He asked. Mike nodded, playing with the hem of his shirt. "Really?" Mike nodded again. "Why?"

"Why? You're my brother." Mike replied, as if it was obvious.

"But you could ask one of your friends." He said. "Will, Lucas, Dustin.

Why me?"

"I love those guys like they're my brothers, Richie, but *you* are my brother. I'm gonna be honest, I was gonna ask dad to be the best man but…" He paused for a second, and continued, "I was going to ask you to be in the wedding anyways and… I *want* you to be my best man."

"But-"

"Quit with the but talk, I want you to be my best man, whether or not you think you should. But it's up to you." Richie didn't say anything for a couple seconds, he just looked the other way as if he saw something interesting, but in reality, he was trying to blink back tears.

"Uh," He coughed, glancing at Mike, "yeah. Yeah, I'll be your best man."

"Really?" Richie could hear the smile in his voice, so he looked at him and Mike was smiling almost as wide as he had on Saturday. Almost.

"Yeah." Mike let out a breathy laugh and threw his arms around Richie. Richie snorted and hugged him back, patting his shoulder. A couple minutes later, they walked back in.

"When's your appointment?" Eddie was asking.

"Friday." She replied. "I don't know if they'll do an ultrasound or not, but they probably will."

"I think when Nancy was pregnant with Nora they did one at the first appointment." Mike said, scratching his neck. "I hope they do one." She smiled at him. Then his eyes widened for a second.

"What?" El asked.

"Nora's birthday is tomorrow." He said. "How is she three already?" He pouted. Eddie snorted at that.

"She'll be going to school before you know it, then she'll be getting her first boyfriend- or girlfriend-"

"Nope, she can't have either." He said stubbornly.

"I agree." Richie said, pointing at him. El looked at Eddie and rolled her eyes.

"Mike's been like this with Holly since I can remember. Just imagine how bad he'll be if we have a girl?" Eddie snickered at the look on Mike's face. El leaned over a little and whispered in Mike's ear. He snorted and nodded. "Damn." She pulled a wad of money out of her pocket and handed Eddie a five dollar bill.

"You bet that Richie would cry?" Mike asked.

"What?" Richie asked, looking between Eddie and El, who grinned at each other and nodded.

"I bet her five bucks you'd cry and you did, apparently."

"Yeah, happy tears! I wasn't like full on snotty, ugly crying!" He pouted, crossing his arms.

"He's gonna ugly cry at your wedding." Eddie said. "I'm not gonna bet anything because I know he will. He's a big ass sap."

"You're one to talk, Mr. ask my mother for permission to marry me." Eddie snickered and shrugged.

"Would you ask his mom?" El asked.

"No-" Eddie said immediately, but Richie interrupted him.

"Hell yeah I would. Mrs. K *loves* me and she'd say yes in a heartbeat."

"Her heart would stop beating if she found out we were getting married." Richie frowned a little and looked at him.

"You're not telling her?" Eddie shrugged.

"I doubt it. If anything, I'll probably tell her *after* so she doesn't try to sabotage or anything."

"She's that bad?" Mike asked. Eddie nodded.

"She hates me." Richie said, shrugging. "I know I'm a Trashmouth and not the best person out there but damn, I never did anything to her."

"Fuck her then. No offence, Eddie." Mike said.

"None taken."

"Nobody's perfect, she sure isn't. God, I hope I never meet this lady because she won't know what hit her." El grumbled, crossing her arms.

"No kidding. If I ever see her can I arrest her for child endangerment or something?" Mike asked. Richie snickered and Eddie snorted.

"I'd say yes but I'm pretty sure you can't considering I'm twenty one." Mike sighed.

"True."

When Mike and El dropped Richie and Eddie off at Bev's house a couple hours later (they walked in to hang out for a while), Richie immediately began talking a mile a minute about how Mike asked him to be his best man, and was flashing his ring, announcing to everyone that he was engaged to *the best fucking person in existence* because he asked his mom for permission to marry him.

"As much as I hate to admit it, I will probably ask you to be my best man at my wedding." Stan said with a sigh. Richie's head snapped up and his eyes widened.

"Huh?"

"You heard me." Stan replied.

"Instead of a maid of honor I'm gonna have a man of honor." Bev said. "AKA you." She pointed at Richie.

"You're gonna make him cry." Mike piped up.

"Fuck off." Richie flipped him off. "You're my best woman, Bevy, you know that." Richie winked at her. "And Mike the best man. I don't

care if you can't have two on one side but two men are getting married so…" He shrugged. Eddie rolled his eyes.

"Since Bev's your best woman and Mike's your best man, I say El and Bill are mine then, so the couples can walk together. Oh, and because I love you guys."

"Awe, Eddie's getting mushy on us!" Bill joked. Eddie flipped him off and El gave him a toothy grin. Mike just had a dopey smile on his face.

"Ow! Watch the face, Lizzie!" A voice hissed.

"Oh shut it, you doof." Elizabeth said, and they could hear the eye roll. The group looked towards the hallway door and saw Dustin and Elizabeth trying to sneak by, holding hands.

"You're not very good at sneaking, you know." Mike H called.

"You're one to talk, Hanlon!" Dustin exclaimed, walking into the living room, followed by a blushing Elizabeth. "Don't act like we didn't catch you and Miss Ayla making out at the quarry."

"Excuse me?" Richie shrieked, turning his attention to Mike H, who was biting his lip and not making eye contact.

"Jesus Christ, Richard, not so loud!" Max yelled, walking in and jumping on him. He squeaked again, but this time in terror, as he had a mouth full of hair all of a sudden.

"How do you guys always know when we're gonna be together?" Ben asked, making a face. "Like, does everyone here have some kind of radar that tells them *oh, the Losers and the Party are meeting up today, better go to Bev or Mike and El's house*?" Everyone laughed and shrugged. Lucas and Will sat on the floor next to each other as Max made herself comfortable in Richie's lap.

"You guys are gonna damage Richie's vocal chords, you know." Eddie said. "He's already screamed a lot today."

"Oh Eddie Spaghetti, screaming isn't the *only* thing that'll damage my vocal chords-" Max slapped her hand over his mouth with a laugh at

the terrified look on Eddie's face.

"I think Eddie's regretting his decision to marry you." Will said. Richie managed to get away from Max's hand and pouted at him.

"Rude!"

"No, no, he's right." Eddie said. "That, or Mike's gonna have to cut me some slack for killing you on our honeymoon."

"I would but...he's kinda my brother and that'd be really messed up."

"I feel loved." Richie mumbled, pouting again. Bev leaned against the back of the couch and put her face in front of his.

"Because you are, Richie." She said, grinning at him. He grinned back and kissed her nose.

"I'd be worried if I knew Richie wasn't gay as fuck." Eddie said.

"Excuse me, you are gayer than me, my friend." Richie said.

"No, that'd be me." Will raised his hand. Richie looked away from Bev and looked at Will, eyes wide.

He whispered, as if it was a giant secret, "You're gay?"

2. Chapter 2

"Uh, yeah? You didn't know?"

"I wouldn't have asked if I knew, William." Will flipped him off.

"You're so clueless." Eddie said, shaking his head with a small smile.

"You're one to talk, both of you were clueless as all hell." Mike H said. "It took you what, a year after we fought IT the first time to even admit you liked each other?"

"Woah, woah, woah… woah. Let's backtrack a bit here, Dustin and Elizabethan here caught you and my dear, dear Ayla making out at the quarry?" Elizabeth glared at him. "You've had a crush on her for like four years! When did you make a move? Oh, did she make a move? She probably did. Tell me *everything*!" Richie exclaimed dramatically. Everyone turned their attention to Mike H, who flipped Richie off.

"It was a couple days ago." He muttered bashfully. "We were talking about how I was going back to Derry for about a year, so I could handle everything concerning the farm, you know? And she just kissed me out of nowhere."

"So you two are officially together?"

"I mean, we know our feelings towards each other but we decided to wait until I move out here."

"Hmm." Richie gave him an *I'm watching you* gesture. "If you get her pregnant before you're married I'ma kill you. Goes for you two too." He pointed at Bill and then Dustin.

"What about Mike?" Max asked. "He got El pregnant." Said people flipped her off.

"Psh, I can't kill him."

"Because he's your brother?" Lucas asked. Richie snorted.

"No, did you not see the way he slammed Billy to the ground? I'd rather not try and fight *him*. It'd be a losing battle."

"Got that right." Mike agreed, smirking. Richie grinned.

"You don't have anyone, Stan?" Will asked curiously, a few minutes later. He nodded.

"I have a girlfriend."

"Since fucking when?" Bev demanded, eyes widening.

"Since January." He replied, shrugging.

"Who?" Eddie asked.

"Her name's Patricia but I call her Patty." He replied, grinning a little.

"Awe! Our little Stan the Man is in love!" Bev cooed, pinching his cheek.

"What about Ben? He's single." Stan said, attempting to change the subject.

"Yeah, Haystack, you got your eye on anyone?" Richie asked, wiggling his eyebrows. Ben rolled his eyes.

"Maybe…" He shrugged.

"Ooh, what's her name?" El asked, tilting her head a little.

"Jasmine. She's so pretty." He blushed and El mentally awe'd at the fact.

"You're not just being a stalker and watching her like Lucas did, right?" Max asked.

"Hey!"

"No," Ben chuckled. "I have a few classes with her and she works at a coffee shop I go to."

"So do you talk to her or?" Dustin asked.

"Sometimes." He shrugged. "We've worked on projects together before."

"Just tell her you like her, dude." Richie said, giving him finger guns.

"Psh, like you can say *anything* Richie." Bill said. "God, it took *forever* for you two to realize you were fucking in love with each other."

"If you want advice, come to Mikey over here." Lucas said. "He kissed El without warning after a week."

"Shut up." Mike grumbled.

"Hey Dustin, remember when Mike was all like *El I love you so much, would you marry me?"* Dustin snickered and nodded.

"I mean…." El held up her left hand. "You were right." She grinned at Mike, who blushed and rolled his eyes at them.

"Mike just told you to shut up but now here we are!"

"Speaking of now, what the hell is going on *there*?" Mike asked, tilting his head to the side as he pointed at Dustin and Elizabeth's hands.

"Oh." Dustin looked down at them and then back up at Elizabeth.

"We've been together for about a month."

"And you didn't tell me?" Bev scolded. "How *could* you!"

"So dramatic." Stan sighed.

"We wanted to make sure we clicked, you know?" Elizabeth said. Richie made a fart noise but gave them a thumbs up.

"I'm assuming you did?" Bev wiggled her eyebrows at them and she snorted, nodding.

"We're, uh, gonna go upstairs if you need anything." Dustin said, and the two made a quick escape, nearly running up the stairs.

"That wasn't obvious at all." Will deadpanned, making everyone else laugh.

"Oh, Mike, do you know who all you want in the wedding party?" Bev asked. He nodded.

"Richie- obviously, Will, Lucas, Jonathan and Dustin."

"No Steve?" Will asked. El snorted.

"We're, hopefully, gonna have him officiate the wedding." She told them, and most raised their eyebrows. "He's got a license."

"Steve Harrington?" Lucas asked.

"I don't know man, when he found out he offered to do it. Don't know why or when he got ordained but he did." Mike replied

"Well then." Will snickered.

"Do you know who's in your party, El?" Eddie asked.

"Max, Holly, Bev, Nancy and Elizabeth."

"I'm in your wedding?" Bev gasped. El snorted.

"Duh."

"Who's the maid of honor?" Max asked. El gave her a look, even Mike did. "What?"

"You, you idiot. You've only been my best friend for years!" Max's eyes widened.

"Oh. Oh. Okay, awesome! You're gonna have a sick, non-alcoholic, bachelorette party." Mike snorted at that and rolled his eyes.

"Even if El *wasn't* pregnant, it'd be non-alcoholic anyways. She hates it." El booped his nose and nodded in agreement.

"Wasn't that because she accidentally drank out of Hops beer one time?" Will asked. El made a disgusted face but blushed.

"I didn't know what it was and it tasted so gross. Never again." Mike snickered, grinning at her.

"Ew, that look." Max gagged.

"Shut up." Mike rolled his eyes. "She didn't know what it was and asked me. When I told her she threw out all of his beer and he was so mad. I thought he was gonna kill me when he found out I told her." El smacked his thigh.

"Mike! You didn't tell me he got mad!" He shrugged.

"It's fine, he doesn't drink much anymore so I think it's a win win situation." She side eyed him and he kissed her cheek. She yawned and rubbed her eyes a few minutes later.

"Shit, I'm tired." She muttered.

"You ready to go home?" Mike asked her. She nodded. He looked at the others, who were all in their own little worlds, talking to each other. He removed is arm from around El and clapped his hands loudly, and everyone looked at him. "We're gonna head home, turd here is tired." She pinched him in the side and he cringed away from her, pointing at her.

"It's rude to point, Michael." She said.

"It's rude to *pinch*, Jane." He retorted and she pinched him again.

"Disgusting." Max pretended to gag, and Mike flipped her off.

"We've been disgusting since we were thirteen, so shut your face." El replied, taking Mike's hand and he pulled her up.

"Hey now, that's no way to talk to your maid of honor." Max said, waving a finger at her.

"Yeah, El, there's no telling what she'll do at your bachelorette party." Eddie snickered.

"I know exactly what she's gonna do." El replied slyly, winking at him. She hopped on Max's lap, and she and Richie both let out a squeak- Max had made herself comfortable in his lap, and was determined not to get up anytime soon. Fiance be damned. "There are gonna be dicks *everywhere* I look. Probably a cake, balloons. She'll

probably make another pin the dick on the man game like she did for Will's birthday one year."

"I like you even more." Richie said. "And, honestly, I love you both, and honestly? I'm kinda getting squished here. I'm only used to spaghetti sitting in my lap and he is a *man* and you are *women* and boobies scare me. And there are two sets, right in my face. Four boobies."

"Richie fucking Tozier, I swear to God." Eddie grumbled as everyone else laughed. El nearly fell off Max through her laughter, but Mike caught her, despite laughing himself.

"I'm glad you know how to count." Stan told him. Richie gave him a grin.

"Spaghetti boobies are okay because they're man boobies. Women boobies are not my thing." Richie got smacked upside the head this time, and El just cackled. Mike chuckled, shaking his head.

"Jesus, let me get her home before she's crying." He said, smiling at her fondly. She opened her eyes to look at Richie but started laughing again.

"It wasn't even that funny." She gasped, holding onto Mike for dear life. "I don't know why I'm laughing so hard."

"Richie has that ability." Ben told her.

"That's not the only thing I can get hard- OW! That's *spousal* abuse!"

"Like I said months ago, I'll *show* you abuse in a minute."

Friday, August 14, 1992

"Are you nervous?" El asked Mike as they walked hand in hand into the hospital. He gave a little shrug.

"I'm more excited than anything else. Are *you* nervous?" He asked. She shook her head, then after a second, nodded.

"A little bit. I'm a little worried that this isn't *actually* happening, you know? Because home pregnancy tests aren't a hundred percent accurate. I know I've been getting sick but what if I'm not really pregnant?" She looked up at him and he let out a small sigh, stopping and pulling her into his arms.

"We've gotta be optimistic, Miss pessimistic." He told her, rubbing her back as he kissed the top of her head. "If you're not pregnant, it'll be okay. We have our whole lives ahead of us, El."

"But what if I *can't* really have kids, and my body is just trying to make me think I can?"

"If you can't, it's okay. There's always adoption, El." She sighed.

"I know, but I want an actual little Mike running around." He snorted.

"I want a little El running around." He retorted and she giggled. "You ready to go? Don't want to be late." She nodded and pulled back, kissing him on the lips before pulling away completely, grabbing his hand and leading him towards the elevator. El signed in and they sat in the waiting room for about ten minutes before they were called back. The nurse weighed El and asked all the questions, if she smoked, had been taking any medicine, all that good stuff. When she finally got around to asking the most important question, El said,

"I'm pregnant. Or we think I am. I took three tests and they were all positive."

"Okay, follow me. She'll be back in just a minute, sir." She told Mike. "I just want to get another urine sample from her." Mike nodded and gave El a smile. She smiled back. Five minutes later she came back, and hopped up on the bed. Mike held a hand out and she took it, squeezing it. They talked about the going away party being held tomorrow, for those going back to Derry, and the rest of the Party going back to college early to get settled in for their last year, when a new face came in. Well, not necessarily *new*.

"Mr. Wheeler! I haven't seen you since little Lonora was born!" Mike turned his head so fast it almost gave El whiplash. She couldn't help but giggle a little at that.

"Dr. Mendes! It's good to see you." He said, standing up to hug her. She chuckled and hugged him back.

"Likewise! Hi, El, how are you doing?" She asked, turning to El, who gave her a smile.

"I'm good."

"Good, good. So, I'll be your doctor for the next nine months, give or take a few days or weeks." Mike choked on his own spit and El nearly followed him. She smacked his back and Dr. Mendes looked at them weird.

"I thought you knew?" She asked.

"We weren't a hundred percent sure." El said, laughing a little. "Jeez, Mike, how much spit is in your mouth?"

"A lot." He choked out and she snickered. He stopped coughing after a couple seconds and looked up at Dr. Mendes. "She's really pregnant?"

"One hundred percent." She told him, and the two grinned at each other. "I'm assuming, by the happiness radiating from here, that this is a good thing. So congratulations!" They grinned matching grins at her and thanked her in unison. "If you two will follow me, we'll go and do an ultrasound to see how far along you are, and of course, you'll get to see the baby."

As it turns out, El was seven weeks along, and everything was going fine so far. Dr. Mendes recommended the best vitamins for her to take, and printed them out a few copies of their little *blueberry*, as she'd called the baby. The two had cried and shared a kiss that had her nearly cooing at the sight, and once they'd stopped, she told them everything they needed to know, and answered the many, *many* questions they had.

3. Chapter 3

Guest from chapter one! I'm sorry I never replied to your review! Sometimes I don't get a notification so I didn't see it until now! Thank you! I support the community 100%! Omg awe! Tbh I teared up a little bit at the last bit! But I agree, it is better to read on here!

Guest from chapter two! Not sure if you're the same one from chapter one, but either way, I know the feeling with family drama. That's me as well, constantly. But it's okay! You won't be missing too much! I plan to make this a lot longer than Collision was, so you'll have plenty to read and catch up on when you miss out! I'm glad you like it! XD

Monday, September 13, 1992

August sixteenth had been one of the sadder days for the Wheeler's, as Richie, Eddie and Bev flew back to Derry to sort out everything with the late Toziers, and once the house had been packed up and more or less sold, Bev flew back to Hawkins, as she had a wedding to help plan- and a wedding dress to make.

She arrived late Sunday night, and on Monday morning, she arrived at Mike and El's house with Max and Elizabeth in tow, knocking on the door until a half naked Mike answered.

"What the actual fuck." He deadpanned, scratching his head and yawning.

"We're here to steal Ms. Jane away from you for the day." Bev said. "Also, it's good to see you too. I've been good, dealing with that idiot brother of yours, who is coincidentally my best friend." She gave him a cheeky grin. He stared at her for about thirty seconds.

"I'm running on two hours of sleep so I'm sorry." He said, finally. "Don't mean to be a dick but fuck mornings." She snorted and the other two rolled their eyes.

"Gnarly scars there, dude." Max said, winking at him. He glanced down at his shoulder.

"Thanks, a demon clown did it while he was transformed into a younger, dead version of my fiancee." He retorted.

"Ooh, sassy Mr. Wheeler appears. My favorite." Max grinned and hopped her way up the stairs happily. He sighed and shut the door behind the other two and walked into the kitchen to make coffee.

"Why don't you go back to bed?" Elizabeth asked. He shrugged and hopped up on the counter.

"How'd it go in Derry?" He asked Bev.

"It was… something else." She said. "I never thought I'd go back there, but it didn't feel as bad as it did when we fought IT the first time."

"That's good." He nodded.

"As for Richie? That's a different story. Poor thing couldn't go anywhere but the living room and kitchen the first couple days, but we slowly managed to get him to go into the other rooms. I've *never* seen him as quiet and upset as he did those two weeks. I hated it." Mike bit his lip.

"I wish I could've gone to help out but…" He trailed off.

"He wouldn't have let you, trust me." Elizabeth said. "I heard Eddie talking to him about it before they left and he told him that he didn't want you or anyone else to go to that town, at all."

"It's the thought that counts, Elizabeth!" He pointed at her accusingly, snorting at the end and shaking his head at himself.

"So, what's with the two hours of sleep?" Bev asked as the two watched him poor a cup of coffee.

"I've been working at night." He explained.

"He's worked the last three nights and refuses to sleep in until after

nine. He gets home around six every morning." El corrected, walking in with Max on her heels. She pouted when she saw the coffee in his hand. "I want coffee." She whined.

"No, no, no, no, no." He wiggled a finger at her and she smacked it. He snickered.

"Back to my point, he's a stubborn shit and is gonna crash hard in a couple days." She continued, looking at the three girls. He shrugged innocently.

"You ready to go?" Bev asked.

"I guess." El shrugged. "I don't know where we're going. I hope I'm dressed for the occasion."

"You are, girl, *trust* me." Bev wiggled her eyebrows. El made a face but nodded, turning to Mike.

"Okay. I don't know when I'll be back but *please* get some sleep, Mike." She said, leaning into him, looking up at him. He smiled a small smile.

"I'll try. I'm not going anywhere so if you need to call, call." He leaned down a little and kissed her. Max pretended to gag and El rolled her eyes, pulling away from him. "Love you."

"Love you too. Go to sleep!" She called, pointing at him until she couldn't see him anymore, grinning as she heard him laughing, shutting the door behind her. Max and El got in the back, Elizabeth in the passenger seat and Bev drove. "Where are we going?" She asked.

"Karen's made us all breakfast so we're gonna go over there, Joyce will also be joining us." Bev said. El made a face but nodded. Twenty minutes later, they were all sitting around the table, digging into waffles- of course- bacon, and eggs.

"How far along are you now?" Bev asked, looking at El.

"Eleven weeks and two days." She said, grinning at her. "Two more weeks I'll be in the second trimester, *finally*."

"Ready to put an end to the morning sickness, huh?" Joyce joked. El nodded, taking a bite out of her eggos. Her eyes widened for a second and she jumped up, pushing her pants down in the front a little and pulling up her shirt.

"There's a tiny little bump! Look!" The grin on her face basically lit up the room. "And no, it's not from the waffles." She gave Max a look, knowing she was about to say something. Max snickered. "Mike noticed it this morning when he got home from work. He almost cried." Karen, Joyce and Nancy awe'd over it, and Bev poked her gently. It was just barely noticeable, but it was there.

"It's hard." She said, making a face. "You're usually squishy."

"Jeez, Bev, that makes me feel good about myself." She stuck her tongue out at her, but laughed. "It's weird, right?" Bev nodded in agreement. El sat back down happily, nearly talking a mile a minute about what she and Mike had read in the book Dustin got for them before he left.

After breakfast, they moved into the living room, El, Joyce and Karen sitting on the couch, Nancy in the recliner, and Max, Bev, Elizabeth and Holly on the floor. Max and Elizabeth had moved the coffee table to the middle of the room so they'd have room to work.

"What are we doing?" El asked, curiously as she watched Karen walk down the stairs with a giant binder, stuffed with papers. She put it on the table in front of her and took a seat next to her.

"Well, we're all here to help plan the wedding." She said. El's eyes widened and looked at her. "I'm not sure if you realized it, but Michael brought the notebook you had over yesterday before he went to work, so that we would know what you *both* like, seeing as you wrote down his opinions on things."

"That little shit." She said, grinning. "I didn't notice at all. So he knows we're doing this?"

"He knows that we're wedding planning. He doesn't know what else." Elizabeth said. El raised an eyebrow at her, but she just shrugged innocently.

"Okay?"

"He said that he wrote down some of his own notes." Karen told her, opening the binder and handing her a sheet of paper that had Mike's messy handwriting. "Read it out loud." She whispered to her.

"Okay, he wrote *I'm all for the wedding outside, as long as we have the reception inside some where, like the community center or something, because I will freeze my balls off if not.* Oh my God." She face palmed as the others laughed.

"Go on." Joyce nudged her.

"*I know you like the color green, but please, NO dookie green things please.*" El snorted- *hard*- at that but carried on reading. "*Lastly, I don't care, well, I DO, but I don't MIND you doing whatever you do. Do whatever you want, El. I know it'll be amazing.*" She smiled, sighing and shaking her head at him.

"I love him."

"We *know*." She stuck her tongue out them and flipped Max and Bev off discreetly, making them laugh.

"You and Mike are sending out invites, right?" Nancy asked. El nodded.

"Yeah, we're almost done, actually. We've both chosen friends we want to invite- minus the obvious- and he's invited some of his family members so far. I invited Becky and her husband." She bit her lip at that, wishing she could invite her mama, but she was in a home now, and they wouldn't let her leave for anything. It pissed El off to know end, but she couldn't do anything about it.

"That's great." Joyce told her, smiling at her. El grinned at her.

"You know that it's going to be cold in November, right?" Holly asked.

"I know, but the ceremony shouldn't last very long, so it shouldn't be too bad." El told her. "We put on the invites to dress as warm as possible." Holly nodded.

"And do you want the reception at the community center?" Nancy asked. That's where she and Jonathan had their wedding, so she was all for having it there. El nodded, smiling. "I can go and schedule it for you in the morning."

"Thanks, Nance." El grinned at her and she grinned back.

"Next, where do you want the wedding to *be*?" Karen asked.

"Um, we were hoping in the backyard?" She asked, sheepish. "It's pretty big and we're not inviting that many people, plus if anyone gets too cold they could go inside and warm up. If not it's okay, but-"

"El, calm down sweetie." Joyce squeezed her shoulder.

"I would *love* for you to get married here, El!" Karen exclaimed, pulling her in for a hug and nearly squeezing her to death.

"Are you sure?" El asked. Karen nodded.

"Of course." El grinned and Karen wrote it down on a seperate piece of paper.

They sat in the living room for three hours, choosing flowers to decorate with- vervain, bell flowers, and catnips- which were all a purple color, just like the theme of the wedding. They'd chosen anemones, purple garden roses and freesias for the bouquets they'd carry, and decided on wooden benches for the guests to sit on during the ceremony. Elizabeth had mentioned that she knew someone who could make an archway for them, and promised she'd talk to them the next day.

After planning, they went to Benny's for lunch, and in two cars, drove to the mall, which El was confused by because she hadn't expected to go anywhere near there.

"Where are we going?" She asked, as Max dragged her by the hand- knowing if she didn't she'd wander off somewhere completely opposite from where they're going- and said nothing. El huffed, rolling her eyes. Karen giggled quietly but other than that, no one else answered her question. But it was answered a few moments

later, when she saw the David's Bridal sign come into view.

"We're going to David's Bridal?" El asked, confused. "Why?"

"We're looking for bridesmaid dresses today." Joyce told her and El gasped, snatching her hand away from Max just so she could clap excitedly, causing the rest of them to laugh. Almost as soon as they walked in, a blonde lady walked up to them.

"Bridesmaid dresses for El Hopper?" She asked. They nodded. "Great! My name is Amanda." El introduced everyone to her and she smiled. "It's nice to meet you all. If you'll follow me please?" She gestured towards the back of the store and they nodded, following her. The room she led them to had two couches in the middle, a door on the left side of the room that said *dressing room* in big black letters, and a giant mirror in front of the couches.

"So, when is your wedding?" She asked El as they sat down.

"November twenty eighth."

"Ooh, right after Thanksgiving, huh? You two are eager." She joked. El snorted.

"I'd say." Max said. "We all thought they'd get married right out of high school."

"How long have you been together?"

"November will be eight years."

"Wow, that's a long time." El nodded. "What are your colors for the wedding? Or what colors are you looking for for the dresses?"

"Purple." El replied.

"Can you give me an idea of what you'd like?" El told her and she nodded, asking for their sizes and then running off to grab some dresses.

"How much you wanna bet that every word she said was scripted." Max said to El, who snickered.

"Mike told me I'm not allowed to bet anymore." She said, grinning at them. "Because I'm always wrong." They raised their eyebrows at her. "Like when Mike asked Richie to be best man, Eddie bet me five bucks that Richie would cry and I said he wouldn't, and he did."

"Jesus, El." Bev snorted. "I could've told you that myself. I mean, he cried when you found out you were pregnant!"

"Speaking of that," Joyce said, "Isn't it a bit weird that Nora was pointing at El and saying baby a month or so before you found out?" El made a face, nodding.

"It is weird." Before she could say anything else, Amanda came back with both arms full of dark and light colored dresses, the girls eyes widening at the amount.

"These are *all* the floor length, purple dresses we have." She told them, hanging them up and then sorting them into different sections, explaining that she had two dresses of the same size for each girl to try on, instead of them all trying on the same ones.

They'd all tried on at least one dress- whereas most of them were horrifyingly ugly- when Nancy walked out in a dress that nearly took El's breath away. The dress was lavender colored, and had a sweetheart neckline, with long sleeves that stopped at the wrist. The silhouette of the dress was A-line, made of silk, that flowed easily to the hem, with a natural waistline. The top of the dress, including the sleeves, was woven into a scattered pattern with a wispy lace, soft to the touch.

"Look at that face, I think she loves it." Karen said, smiling. El nodded.

"I love it." Nancy said, doing a little twirl. "It would be pretty warm for a dress, too."

"What do you guys think?" El asked the others, who looked almost as shocked as she did. She giggled. "I take it you love it too?" They nodded in agreement, and she looked at Amanda. "This is the one."

They left the shop about fifteen minutes later, once Amanda had

measured them and written all their information down. El was dropped off back at home, walking in to find Mike sprawled out on the couch, one foot touching the floor, and his other leg hanging off the back of the couch, one arm crossed over his eyes, and the other stretched out, hovering over the floor. She snorted, still clueless as to how he ends up like that. She put her bag on the floor and kicked off her shoes, walking into the living room. She settled between his legs, lying back until she was against his chest, and gently pulled his arm up over her, hugging it to her chest, and fell asleep that way, excited to tell him about the progress when they woke up.

4. Chapter 4

You guys don't EVEN know how invested Phieilly is in this story XD. Like she's 100% in this to the very end and I fucking love it.

Oof, what happened to Mike?

No it's not supernatural bullshit or Gov bullshit so think outside the box :D

Guest: I usually try to reply to everyone so I dont mind :). Oof I couldn't do that to them, I don't have the heart, but you're right! That could've been a possibility! Thank you! :D

Tuesday, September 14, 1992

"Okay, I see your point in not wanting to tell your mom about the wedding."

"You think?" Eddie retorted, wiping his eyes. "Just imagine what she would do if she finds out."

"I don't wanna know." Richie sighed, leaning over and hugging Eddie. "I'm sorry she's such shit."

"It's not your fault." He mumbled into Richie's chest. "I knew she would act like that when she found out about me going to med school. And moving to Indiana without her."

"You don't think she'll try to move too, do you?"

"She'd better not. We'll have Mike arrest her for harassment or something. Could I do that?"

"I'm sure you could."

"Good. Can we go back to your appartment and order pizza while we pack?" He asked. Richie nodded.

"Whatever you want, Eddie Spaghetti."

"Not my name." Richie snickered and put the car in drive after pecking him on the cheek. The two were packing up what was left in Richie's apartment, which wasn't exactly much. He wasn't taking the furniture, just his clothes, dishes, pictures, etc. The normal stuff. Trashmouth was having a *farewell concert* tonight and then the entire group were heading back to Hawkins, Richie and Eddie in Richie's car, Ayla and Jack were going to drive the moving truck with all their belongings, and Malcolm was driving their van with all their equipment in it. They were leaving tomorrow morning, and the two had procrastinated packing the entire time they were here until yesterday. Well, Richie did and forced Eddie to go along with it by dragging him out to do stuff.

"Well, people of Derry, I'm sad- and also *very, very happy*- to say that this is our last concert that'll ever be performed in Derry." Richie said into his microphone. There was a chorus of boos, *why's* and a few curse words spewed everywhere and Richie chuckled. "I have a good reason. As most of you know… my parents died a couple months ago, while I was in Hawkins visiting my best friend, with the rest of our best friends." He gestured to Eddie, who stood right in front of Richie on the ground. "And well, I'm just gonna cut right to the chase. I was adopted. I have an older sister, Nancy. I have a younger sister, Holly. And I have an identical twin brother, Mike." There were *numerous* gasps throughout the crowd. "Yeah, shocking, I know. He's a police officer, has a baby on the way, and is getting married to the most wonderful girl in November, and *I'm* the best man. Oh, and I have the cutest little niece named Nora. We- me, Eds and the rest of the band- are moving to Hawkins, Indiana because that's where my family lives- and they are apart of that family, so- and the rest of the Losers Club, as we called ourselves, will all eventually end up there, and you all will probably forget we ever lived here." Richie looked at Jack, who stepped up to his mic,

"You will be the first people to hear any of our originals, so we hope you enjoy."

Wednesday, September 22, 1992

"I've come home from war a *rich* man!" Richie yelled, throwing the

door of the Wheeler's house open. "And I would *absolutely* love to see my mother, sisters and little brother and Nori!" There was a little giggle followed by a,

"Chee Chee!" Richie grinned at Eddie and scooped the three year old into his arms, hugging her tightly. "You came back!"

"Of course I did, silly! I can't get enough of my little Nori." There was a flash and Richie blinked, blinded for a second. He saw his mom standing there with a camera, the rest of the family behind her.

"What?" She asked innocently. "It was just *too* cute not to document." She said. He laughed and put Nora down- whereas she went to Eddie- and hugged his mom tight.

"I don't mind pictures, just wish there was a little warning."

"At least *one* of my sons like to have their picture taken." He heard Mike scoff.

"I don't take good pictures, mom! I look like a freaking frog."

"Excuse me, but I do *not* look like a frog. Maybe a four eyed ostrich but not a frog." Mike stared at him for a second before laughing, covering most of his face with a hand. Karen took a picture of that and he was laughing too hard to argue. Nancy, Holly and El hugged Richie and Eddie as Mike giggled to himself, and finally he hugged them. Holly took Nora into the living room as the rest sat at the kitchen table.

"Sorry, that was funny as hell, man. Four eyed ostrich? Where'd that come from?" Richie snorted.

"Eddie's mom." Mike and Karen stared at him for a second.

"Was that supposed to be a mom joke or…?" El asked.

"No." Eddie shook his head. "She actually called him that when we were teenagers. And a few other things I'm never going to repeat." He gave them a grin.

"What the fuck." Mike whispered. "Bitch." He grumbled.

"You don't *even* know." Eddie sighed. "I told her I was changing my major and gonna go to med school and she freaked the hell out."

"Just imagine what she'd do if she found out we were getting married?" Richie said. "She hates me. Like hates me with her entire being."

"Why?" Karen asked.

"Did you do something?" Mike asked and El smacked him. "What? That's a legit question!" Richie snorted.

"She's convinced Richie *turned* me gay." Eddie replied.

"What the fuck." Karen deadpanned. Richie laughed at that.

"Mom!" Nancy exclaimed.

"Mama Trashmouth!" Richie giggled and high fived Karen. Mike looked… offended? Confused? Down-right shocked? All three, it seemed.

"Oh my…" He shook his head, blinking. "I- What the hell?"

"Have you never heard the word fuck, Michael? Because if you think you haven't, you're sadly mistaken." Richie said, grinning.

"Not from my mother's mouth, I haven't." Mike shook his head again and leaned back in his chair.

"I think he just needs time to process it." El said, patting his arm as she tried not to laugh.

"I'm pretty sure you've heard me say it before, Mike." Karen rolled her eyes. "So dramatic."

"You're one to talk!" He pointed at her accusingly.

"No, you." She wiggled a finger at him. "You had a temper tantrum every time I tried to take a picture of you when you were little. He'd put his hand in front of the camera and yell *no* at the top of his lungs. How you like them apples?" He snorted.

"I don't like 'em." He shrugged.

"You do know we're having a bunch of wedding pictures done, right?" El told him. He sighed and nodded. "And you'd better smile like you mean it or I'ma divorce you on the spot."

"El!" He laughed. "You know I'll be meaning it as long as you're there." She smiled at him and pecked his cheek. She looked at Richie.

"Bev needs to do your measurements as soon as possible."

"For wha- Oh! Right, yeah, we're going over there later today so I'll get her to do it then."

"I've been trying to get Mike to go but he won't do it." El said, rolling her eyes.

"It's not because I won't do it, it's because she already has my measurements!" He retorted.

"Hey Chee, why don't you go get those photo albums we brought?" Eddie suggested.

"Oh yeah!" Richie jumped. "I forgot about those!" He rushed outside and Eddie snorted. Holly, curious, followed her older brother and watched him dig through the trunk of his car for a few seconds.

"I like your car." She said. He jumped and bumped his head, turning to look at her.

"Jeez, you scared me." She giggled.

"Sorry."

"Eddie's the reason I got this one." He told her, continuing his digging. "He loves cars for some reason."

"It's 'cause they're cool." She shrugged, even though he couldn't see her. "Mom's made Mike's old room up for you guys to stay in."

"She did? And here I thought we were gonna have to share one of the hundreds of couches." She snorted. "So how's seventh grade treating

you?" He asked. She groaned and he snickered. "Ah, the good ol days. That was when we fought ol Penny, the first time, ya know? Wait no, that was eighth grade, oops."

"Seventh grade was when El escaped from the lab." She told him. "I saw the monster trying to come through the wall at Will's house." Richie pulled out a box and looked at her. "I was three."

"Are you okay?" He asked softly. She shrugged.

"I'm scared that… that something crazy is gonna happen, like it did with Mike. I don't want history to rewrite itself. I lost my best friend like Nancy did… am I gonna find some powered kid in the woods like Mike? Would *I* be the one to get trapped in another dimension? IT was going to try to." Richie put the box on the top of his car and pulled her in for a hug, hugging her tightly.

"Nothing like that is gonna happen, okay? I promise you that it won't. I *know* that it won't. I'm sorry you're feeling like this, I understand you completely. You were basically in the middle of all three of our messes at different times, and you shouldn't have been, and I'm sorry you were. Have you talked to anyone about this?" She shook her head. "Not even Mike?"

"No…"

"Why me? Like I'm *really* happy you did, but…"

"I don't know, I just… Making up for lost time, I guess? That doesn't really make sense, but I just felt like I should talk to you."

"Well I'm glad you did. You can always come to me and talk, alright?" She nodded. "How about me, you and this beaut go to your favorite places on Saturday? We can grab something to eat, go to the mall, movies, whatever you wanna do."

And that's what they did. After Richie took in the old photo albums and let his mom, sister and soon to be sister in law gush over his baby pictures, he and Eddie went to Bev's to get his measurements, and that Saturday, Richie and Holly went to lunch, saw a movie, bought a bunch of unnecessary things at the mall, bothered Hopper

at the station, and took home dinner for everyone.

Monday, September 28, 1992

"Has anyone heard from Mike in the last hour or two?" El asked, walking up to the front desk at the station, where Hopper and Flo were talking. They shook their heads. "I've been trying to get him over the radio but no response." The phone rang so Flo went to go answer it.

"He's probably out of range." Hopper told her. She shook her head.

"He was only supposed to go get Tews… *again.* He shouldn't be out of range. And I'm not *allowed* to go into the void since I'm pregnant."

"That's a good idea on his part, then. Don't wanna hurt the peanut. Maybe he forgot his radio in the car?" He suggested.

"It's literally on his chest, how's he gonna forget it?"

"Look, El, there's no need to get too worried about it, okay? I'm sure he's fine."

"After everything… And not to mention that's where he and Holly saw IT the first time." She whispered the last bit. Hopper sighed, seeing her point.

"You're right. I'll go out and look for him, alright? I'm sure everything's fine. Richie said that there wasn't anything else that was gonna happen, right?"

"Yeah but he said a magic turtle told him that while he was in the dead lights so I'm not sure he's a hundred percent on that." Hopper just nodded.

"I'll radio if I find him- Scratch that, I'll have *him* radio if I find him. *When* I find him." She nodded and went back to her office. He grabbed his hat with a grunt.

"Damn pregnancy hormones already. So bossy."

"No, I want to know why my fiance isn't answering my call!" She yelled. He jumped slightly and went outside before she could yell some more. He saw Steve pulling in and stopped him,

"Whataya need, Chief?" He asked. Hopper rounded the car and got in the passenger seat.

"We're off to look for Wheeler and I don't feel like driving." He said. "He's not answering his radio and El's worried."

"Where'd he have to go?" Steve asked.

"The Henderson's to look for Claudia's cat again."

"Jesus Christ, if she loves the cat so much, *why* does she keep letting it out?"

"Hell if I know, kid." It was silent as they drove, and Steve parked behind Mike's car, where he was not.

"Should we let anyone else know?" Steve asked.

"No, we'll see if he's in the house talking with Claudia, because she's known to do that, and if not, we'll go look for him out in the woods. If we can't find him then, *then* we'll let them know." Steve nodded and the two walked up to the door. Hopper knocked and a few seconds later, Claudia opened the door with a smile. Then she frowned.

"You're not Mike."

"No, but we are looking for him. I assume he hasn't come back with your cat?" Hopper asked. She shook her head.

"How long has it been since you talked to him?"

"Maybe an hour? Hour and a half at the most. Tews must've gone pretty far if he hasn't found her yet. And he's very committed to his job, so I know he wouldn't give up until he found her."

"That he is. Well, we haven't been able to contact him so we're gonna go out and look for him, if that's okay."

"Of course! I hope he's okay."

"I'm sure he is." Steve gave her a smile and he and Hopper went on their way. They walked around for about fifteen minutes, calling out his name, when something ran in front of them. Steve shrieked and almost jumped on Hopper like on Scooby Doo. It was Tews, who just sat in front of them, looking up at them. She meowed and stood up.

"You are the cause of all this trouble, you little shit." Hopper grumbled. "Do you know where Wheeler is?"

"Hopper."

"Yes, Harrington, I'm aware that I'm talking to a-"

"Shh!" He shushed him. Hopper glared at him.

"Do you hear that?" He asked quietly. Hopper shook his head and listened closely. There was a faint noise coming from ahead of them, down the hill they hadn't gone over yet.

"Mike!" It was El's voice. Hopper made a face.

"That's Mike's radio."

5. Chapter 5

So. I got nominated for four Levoes... and won two out of the four. Phenomenal Mutiny won Best Sci-fi, Drama, Or Suspense Story!

Oof and ya girl won Best Author! Holy shit! Like, how? Thank you to the Levoe guys and however that works, this made my week! Literally! Congratulations to everyone nominated and those who won, you deserved it!

Emery: I LOVE Jane the Virgin! I was talking to Phieilly a couple weeks ago about it, actually. Anyone ever notice that El's real name is Jane, like in Jane the Virgin, and she marries a man named Michael?! I didn't realize it until I saw a video on Instagram when Michael died. Blew my mind. Yes! I mentioned The 100, which I LOVE. I'm glad you do! Literally none of my friends have watched it and they're missing out, same with ST and IT actually. I plan on writing a ST/The 100 AU eventually. Before finishing up this chapter, I watched the season finale of season five and Holy. Shit. I nearly cried! Thank you! I hope this one makes you feel better about the "disappearance" of Mike!

It's all Tews fault!

"He's somewhere close by." Steve said. Hopper looked at him with a roll of his eyes.

"You don't say?" He retorted, and started up the hill. "Wheeler! You'd better not be dead or half way there because if you are, I'm gonna kill you!" He yelled. Steve snorted and ran to catch up to him. They got to the top and looked around, hoping the higher ground would help them. And it did, because a couple yards from the bottom of the hill, Steve spotted Mike's curly mess of hair on the ground.

"Shit, shit, shit, shit." He cursed as he stumbled down the hill, reaching Mike in record time. He was sprawled out on his back, one arm lying limply over his chest, the others stretched out. There was a bloodied knot on the left side of his forehead, just barely hidden by

his hair. He checked his pulse and checked for breathing, and he just sounded like he was sleeping, so he let out a breath of relief.

"Mike? Come on dip shit, wake up." He tapped his cheeks a couple times, a little harder each time until he was basically slapping him.

"Goddammit, Wheeler." Hopper grunted as he kneeled next to Steve. He yanked a handkerchief out of his pocket and put pressure on the wound. That's what seemed to wake him up, and he groaned, trying to move his head away from him.

"Ow." He opened his eyes, squinting up at them. His eyes crossed for a second as they focused and then widened slightly as he looked at them groggily. "Wha-?"

"That's what we'd like to know. What happened, kid?" Hopper asked. Mike grimaced as he tried to sit up and gave up after a couple seconds.

"Uh… I don't… I was looking for the cat… I tripped on something?"

"Ten bucks it was the cat." Mike rolled his eyes and groaned, reaching up and touching the handkerchief Hopper was still holding on his head. Hopper moved his hand and Mike grabbed it, pulling it off and looking at it. The wound was still bleeding.

"Mike!" El exclaimed. "If you're hurt I'm gonna hurt you some more! Answer me please!"

"Shit…" He sat up with a grunt, his eyes widening and watering at the pain in his chest, and grabbed the radio. "El?"

"Mike! Oh my God! What the fuck?"

"I… fell down a hill."

"Knocked himself out." Hopper said, taking the radio off him. "Steve, help the kid up. We're taking him to the hospital. Are you gonna meet us there El?"

"Of fucking course I am!"

"Language." Mike muttered as Steve attempted to pull him to his feet. He groaned- which sounded more like a pained whine- and coughed. "Ow!" He whined when he put pressure on his left leg, his ankle. "Shit."

"Dammit, kid, you really banged yourself up." Hopper sighed. Steve put an arm around Mike's back and practically held him up as Hopper crouched in front of them and rolled Mike's pant leg up. He untied his shoe and flung it somewhere.

"Hey!"

"I'll buy you a new pair." Hopper grumbled, pulling the sock off. He poked and prodded at his ankle for a couple seconds, even after noticing the slight bruising and swelling. "Sprained ankle." He sighed and put the sock back on. "Alright, let's go."

"But…" Mike muttered, looking around. "Tews?" Right on cue, the reason for all this pranced her way into view, sitting down and licking her paw, looking up at them. "We gotta… gotta take her to Mrs… Henderson."

"We will, kid." Hopper mentally cursed and scooped the cat up quickly, thankful that she let him. He wrapped his other arm around Mike's back and he and Steve helped Mike walk. He grunted quietly with each step, already breathing hard after a couple minutes. He grimaced every time he took a deep breath, his chest burning.

"Hopper." He mumbled.

"We're almost there, kid."

"Chest hurts." He huffed. Hopper looked at Steve, who started walking faster. They finally got back to the Henderson house and Hopper helped them to the car and ran back to the house, knocking on the door until Claudia answered. He practically threw the cat at her and barely managed a response.

"Gotta take Mike to the hospital, he fell down a hill." He jogged back to the car and got in the passenger seat, looking behind him at Mike, who was lying in the back, one leg propped up as good as it could in

such a small amount of space, his other leg hanging over the edge of the seat, and one hand holding the handkerchief to his head. His eyes were closed.

"Hey, kid, I'm gonna need you to open your eyes, okay?" Mike grumbled but opened his eyes. "There you go. You've got a serious head injury, you don't need to be falling asleep on me." He just grumbled childishly in response. It was quiet for a while, Hopper looking back and making sure Mike's eyes were open, when Mike asked,

"Is she mad at me?"

"Who, El?" Steve asked.

"Yeah."

"No, kid, she was just worried. Still is."

"I didn't mean to."

"We know you didn't." Hopper gave him what he hoped looked like a smile, but it was more of a grimace.

Hopper and Steve both were pretty happy that El hadn't arrived before them, though Mike had pouted because he couldn't find her. After they got to the hospital and to the emergency room, helping Mike get out of the car, he nearly fell over, having to grab onto them both.

"The world's spinning." He muttered, trying to balance himself.

"Duh, it's supposed to." Steve rolled his eyes.

"Shut up, Steve." Mike glared at him, but it was hard to take him seriously. "This is no time for dad jokes, I'm in pain and want to punch you but I can't because I'm *dizzy*. And you're *not even a dad, Steve.* "

"Alright, let's not punch each other and get you inside, kid." Mike started grumbling *again* but agreed and they walked into the emergency room. Hopper mentioned chest pain and they took him

back immediately, but didn't let them go with him.

El arrived twenty minutes later with Karen, Richie, Eddie and Holly on her heels. Richie looked terrified, so the two assumed El didn't tell them anything except that Mike got in an accident of sorts.

"Where is he?" El asked immediately.

"They took him back twenty minutes ago. He's gonna be fine, El, calm down." She huffed and plopped down between him and Steve. The other four sat across from them.

"What happened?" Eddie asked.

"He was out looking for Dustin's moms cat again." Steve said. "The cats to blame for all this, he tripped over her and fell down a hill." Hopper stated. Holly snorted.

"Dustin's gonna get a kick out of this."

"I think if Mike ever has to look for the cat again, he'll kick Dustin's ass and the cat's." Richie said. "Isn't this like, the fourth time in the last two months?" El nodded, sighing.

"Yep. What happened exactly? How'd you find him?" Karen asked.

"We just walked around in the woods behind Claudia's house." Hopper said. "And we were walking up a hill and Steve heard El calling for Mike on his radio. We got to the stop and saw him on the ground at the bottom. He's got a nasty bump on his head, a sprained ankle and he said his chest hurt, so hopefully it's just bruised ribs and nothing worse."

"He's worried you're mad at him." Steve told El. She sighed.

"Of course he is. I'm the one who should be worried."

"You know how Mike is." Hoppr patted her hand.

"Wait until you have the baby. He'll probably pass out." Richie said. El snorted.

"Don't jinx it." She shook her head.

"He'll probably pass out or stop breathing when he sees you walking down the aisle, so you better prepare yourself for that." Eddie said cheekily. El snorted.

"Richie, it's your job to make sure that doesn't happen." El gave him a pointed look and he chuckled quietly, nodding.

"Will do."

It was at least two hours before *anyone* came out to tell them about Mike, and they had to ask *again* then. El had taken it upon herself to call the rest of the party, whereas Dustin promptly freaked the *fuck out* and declared that he was gonna make the four hour drive back to Hawkins as soon as he got off the phone. Max promised to come to the hospital as soon as her shift ended, and told El that she'd call Lucas for her. Nancy and Jonathan were on the way back from Chicago, where Jonathan had been doing some photography work, and didn't know about Mike yet.

Richie went to the bathroom at one point, and Eddie followed him, and neither had been back yet, when El's doctor walked through the emergency room and saw her sitting down.

"El?" Dr. Mendes asked, walking over to her. El smiled slightly and stood up.

"Hi, Dr. Mendes."

"Everything okay?" She asked, worriedly.

"Yeah, well, as good as it can be. Mike had an accident."

"What happened?"

"He kind of… tripped over a cat. And fell down a hill."

"That's why I hate cats."

"That's why he doesn't want one." El chuckled, then sighed. "We've been waiting for two hours and haven't heard anything. According to

my dad and Steve it wasn't that bad, so they should've told us something by now."

"Hmm, well, I'll go see what the hold up is. I'll be back in a few minutes." She walked off before El had a chance to reply, and she snorted.

"Okay then."

In the bathroom, Richie was internally freaking out, nerves shot already, just from the wait.

"Chee, Mike will be fine." Eddie said, rubbing his hands up and down his fiance's arms.

"You don't know that. A concussion could like, kill him or put him in a coma or something." He bit his lip. "Why haven't we heard anything yet, Eddie? It shouldn't take this damn long for that, bruised ribs and a sprained ankle. If this was Derry he'd be out in thirty minutes."

"But this isn't Derry, Richie, and people actually care about others." He grabbed his wrists and draped them over his shoulders and hugged Richie around his middle. "I'm sure he's fine, though. Either way, Mike's strong. All of you are, he'll pull through no matter how bad it is." He buried his face in Eddie's hair and reached up to wipe at his eyes, sniffing slightly.

"I know I just… I've lost *too many* people, Eddie. I didn't even know my dad for a *month* and he's gone. I didn't talk to… to Went and Maggie for *years* and they got sober and died. I can't lose anyone else."

"I know, baby." Eddie muttered softly, rubbing his back. "We'll just hope for the best. Maybe when we go back they'll have some news for us. Wanna clean up and head back out?" Richie nodded. Eddie pulled away from him and leaned up, pecking him on the lips, and let Richie splash water on his face and blow his nose. When they walked back out, El was just sitting back down from whatever they had missed.

"Anything?" Richie asked, voice cracking the tiniest bit at the end. If anyone noticed he'd been crying, they didn't mention it. El shook her

head.

"But, we might be pretty soon. My doctor just walked through and I told her what was going on. She said she was going to try and find out for us."

"Fucking finally." Richie grumbled, sitting back down beside his mom. Eddie sat beside him and took his hand, squeezing it. Fifteen minutes later a male doctor came back with a clipboard in hand.

"Well, Mr. Wheeler here busted himself up pretty good, if I say so myself. I'm Dr. Chavez. Dr. Mendes sent me, she had to get back over to the women's pavilion urgently, but she'll probably be back soon."

"Stupid cat." El grumbled. "Is he okay?"

"Yes, he will be." He nodded, looking down at the writing. "He didn't get the *worst* concussion, and didn't need stitches for anything, so that's good. The concussion is bad enough that we want to keep him overnight for observation, but other than that, he's okay with his head. And he has a nasty knot, but that'll go down with ice. He experienced dizzy spells on his way into the emergency room, and he can't think very clearly as of right now, which is another reason why we want to keep him overnight. He's convinced you're mad at him for not responding on your… radio? So his nerves are *shot*, his words, not mine."

"What about his chest and ankle?" Karen asked.

"He's got a couple bruised ribs, and a grade two sprain. He'll need a brace for his ankle for a couple weeks, and then he should be good. Put ice on it for swelling and bruising around the area. He'll be given pain medication for all the pain. He will be a hundred percent in no time. He'll be as good as new by the wedding, which he wouldn't stop talking about." El smiled, her cheeks turning a light shade of pink.

"When can we see him?" Richie asked. Dr. Chavez turned to him, and looked taken aback for a moment, and chuckled, letting out a breath.

"Phew, I keep forgetting he has a twin."

"Yeah, same. Answer the question." Eddie smacked his leg. "Please."

"You can head to the elevators down that hall. He's on the third floor, room 311. All of you can go back, but be very quiet, he has a horrible headache right now." He walked off and Richie stood up, grumbling under his breath.

"I don't like that guy."

"Why?" Hopper asked, nudging him.

"He acts like we're stupid. Of course he's gonna need ice, pain medicine and have a fucking headache. He's got a damn concussion, if he didn't, there'd be *something* wrong with him."

"You're right, but just calm down, kid." Hopper gave his shoulder a squeeze and Richie nodded. The seven of them managed to get in one elevator and made their way to Mike's room, where they could hear him complaining almost immediately.

"You've looked in my eyes...with that damn light...at least four times in the last. Two. Minutes. *Stop*." He whined. El knocked on the door framed and he and the nursed turned to look at them. The nurse took that as her cue to leave and did so. Mike didn't look any better from the last time Hopper and Steve saw him. He was holding a bag of ice against his head, and there were a couple pillows elevating his foot. The worst part was the dark red bruise forming around his eye because of the knot on his head.

"Jesus, Mike!" El exclaimed quietly, rushing over to him and brushing his hair away from his forehead. There was a bandage but there was a little bit of dried blood around his hairline. He closed his eyes for a couple seconds and then looked at her nervously.

"Hi." He whispered.

"Hey, baby. How you feeling?" She asked quietly.

"Could be better." He said. His hands were fidgeting in his lap, like he didn't know whether to take her hand or not. He hadn't done that since they were teenagers starting high school. "Are you mad at me?" He asked timidly.

"No, no, not at you baby. I'm mad at that damn cat."

"Stupid Mew- I mean, uh… Tews. That's it."

"Next time it goes missing I'm gonna buy Claudia a new one, screw all this mess." Hopper said, sitting down in a chair. Karen and Holly went around to the other side of Mike, Steve and Eddie greeted Mike with a pat on his good leg, and Richie stood at Mike's feet.

"And here we thought Mike's clumsy days were over." Steve joked and Mike glared at him. Steve laughed. "That doesn't scare me a bit, Wheeler." Mike huffed and turned his head away from that side of the room, eyes landing on Richie.

"Are you okay?" Mike asked. Richie made a face.

"I'm fine, Mike." Richie chuckled lightly.

"But you've been crying." Mike said, matter of factly.

"I'm… I'm fine, Mike, I promise. Nothing to worry about." Mike gave him a look but didn't press further.

It was sometime after ten that night when Dustin arrived, along with Max- the two had run into each other on their way in the hospital. Everyone except for El had left, promising them that they'd let anyone else know that Mike's okay and wished him well. They weren't supposed to be there, as visiting hours were over, but neither cared and made their way to Mike's room, somehow unnoticed. El was laid back in the recliner the hospital provides, as close to Mike's bed as possible, and Mike was kind of laying on his side, holding El's hand with both of his, talking quietly. He jumped and groaned when the two walked in, Dustin almost screaming when he saw Mike.

"Dude." Mike whined. "Why are you guys here?"

"Well that's just rude, Wheeler." Max said playfully, crossing her arms over her chest. He rolled his eyes.

"What he means to say is, *how* are you guys here? Visiting hours was over like two hours ago." El said, shifting slightly.

"We just walked in. No one really paid us any attention. I'm sorry

about what happened, dude. I don't understand how or why my mom lets Tews out of the house."

"It's not your fault." Mike said, waving him off. "Just *talk* to your mom because I don't *ever* plan on going to look for that damn cat again."

"I don't blame you."

"You also didn't have to drive four hours to come see me. You have school tomorrow, man."

"No, I don't have any tomorrow. The next day I do, though. I don't have classes everyday anymore since I'm a senior."

"I can't wait to start college." Max sighed, sprawling out on the couch.

"You're going to college?" Mike asked, confused.

"Yeah, we talked about this the other day, Wheeler."

"Sorry." He turned pink. "Uh… Some stuff is like… not there right now."

"Understandable. I don't know how you didn't get some kind of brain damage after seeing that knot on your head."

"God, don't jinx it." He grumbled.

"But anyways, i start next week."

"Game design, right?" El asked. Max nodded. Dustin chuckled.

"How much you wanna bet she'll design one of the greatest games ever and get rich?" Mike snorted, nodding.

"I'm not betting any money but like, I agree." Mike looked at El pointedly.

"I don't bet with money anymore!" She whined childishly. "And it's not like I was addicted to that shit or something."

"True, but still." She rolled her eyes. "Blame dad, he's the one that

always bet me money when I got my first job." Mike snorted, shaking his head.

"Why does that not surprise me?"

6. Author's Note

My niece was FINALLY born yesterday morning and it's been crazy around here. She went into labor around 7 o'clock on the 9th and she was born yesterday at 9:02! We were at the hospital just about the entire time, other than leaving to get my brother some clothes. She has a head FULL of dark hair and she weighs 8 pounds and three ounces, ten fingers and ten toes and 20 inches long! She is in the NICU because she stopped breathing for a bit around 11 yesterday but she's doing great now and will hopefully be able to go home tomorrow! It would most likely be Monday though, but I'll be sure to let you guys know!

7. Chapter 6

Okay so this was gonna be over 6,000 words so I decided to split it up (because SOMEONE is rushing me). The next chapter will be posted within the next two days, most likely tomorrow but I'm not 100% sure yet. Hope you enjoy!

Wednesday, September 15, 1992

The next morning Mike was released from the hospital, a prescription in hand and a brace on his foot. He had the one shoe on and didn't care about the other one. The bruise around his eye was much darker today, nearing purple, and don't get him started on his forehead. He's grateful for the headful of hair he has. When they got back home, he almost immediately knocked out on the couch. Dustin came by that morning to see if they were home, and volunteered to stay with Mike while El went to get his medicine and a few other things she needed. Dustin watched TV, sprawled out on the recliner, while Mike snorted quietly on the couch.

El was back in forty five minutes and gestured for Dustin to come with her in the kitchen.

"He's been asleep the whole time, right?" El asked. He nodded.

"He's snoring." She snorted.

"Figured. Do you want some lunch? I was gonna make breakfast but since it's almost noon already…" She shrugged.

"Hell yeah, I love your food." She chuckled and nodded. "I'm leaving around two, so I'll have sustenance." She rolled her eyes.

"Okay, Dusty." She made them all a sandwich, and Dustin an extra to take with him on his drive back in case he got hungry, which was a given at this point. He ate his sandwich happily as El went in the living room and woke Mike up.

"Mike, wake up baby." She said quietly, gently shaking his shoulder.

He groaned- it sounded more like a whine- and opened one eye. "I made lunch and you need to take your medicine. You can go back to sleep after you eat and say goodbye to Dustin." He huffed quietly and nodded, grunting as he got up and limped his way to he kitchen and plopped himself down on a stool.

El glanced back at him and chuckled.

"I didn't mean you had to get up, Mike, jeez." She said, putting the sandwich in front of him, along with a bottle of water and two pills. She patted his shoulder and kissed his cheek before sitting on the last stool next to him. He shrugged and gave her a tiny smile and took the medicine, before taking an even bigger bite than Dustin had.

"Hungry dude?" Dustin snickered.

"I haven't eaten anything since… lunch yesterday." Mike said.

"He wouldn't eat the hospital food."

"Understandable."

After Dustin left, El ushered Mike upstairs to their bed so he could rest better, and came back down stairs and piddled around until Nancy, Bev and Max arrived. They were doing a little planning of their own and Nancy was calling to check on the decorations and they were choosing what type of food they'd have. Mike didn't exactly care about food considering he was a garbage disposal- he'd eat practically anything that came his way. Except vegetables. If someone offered him a million dollars he'd refuse it.

"I want stuff that everyone will eat, you know?" El told them. "Like finger foods or something."

"You don't want a whole meal?" Nancy asked, an eyebrow raised. El shook her head.

"Not really, no. I went to a wedding a couple months ago that had chicken fingers, tiny triangle sandwiches, *meatballs*, uhh, a fruit bar, vegetable bar… salads… uh, mac and cheese I think? That's *got* to be there, because that's all I'll probably eat."

"No eggos?" Max asked, wiggling her eyebrows. El snorted.

"No, that's what we're using for the wedding cake." She said. They stared at her for a couple seconds.

"Seriously?" Bev asked. El snorted and shook her head.

"Definitely not. Thirteen year old me would've been like hell yeah, but no."

"It's kinda surprising that your love for Eggos hasn't changed." Nancy chuckled.

"It's Mike's fault so…" She shrugged.

"So the fact that he stuffed waffles in his coat pocket and then brought them to you didn't bother you?" Nancy cocked her head to the side. El blinked, then mocked gagging.

"I didn't realize he did that, jeez." She snorted. "I mean… I'd take what I could get at the time. I'd rather them *not* be from his coat pocket though." They laughed. Once they calmed down some, Nancy said,

"So is that all the stuff you want during the reception? Any dessert other than the cake?"

"Uh, I guess cookies or brownies or something." Max perked up at that.

"Tell Karen she *needs* to make brownies for this wedding, and *mine*. I'll help her make them, I just know I need them in my life." El snorted and nodded.

"I'll let her know."

"Hell, I just want Karen to cook everything for my wedding. And your cookies."

"Have you guys actually talked about a date for the wedding?" Bev asked. Nancy looked up from her notebook, interested.

"It'll be awhile." She said, shrugging. "We both want him to graduate first, and he mentioned wanting to teach at least a year before we get married, and I kinda agree, because I'm going to school for two years and I'll be done, so… it'll probably be '95 when we get married."

"That's over two years!" Nancy gasped. "I couldn't wait that long."

"I'm in no rush. I mean… I love him, he loves me, why do we need to get married right now? It's understandable for you and Mike, 'cause hell, we all thought you'd get married right out of high school." She gave El a pointed look and she rolled her eyes.

"You don't have to get married right now." She told her. "I understand what you're saying. I just can't wait to marry him." She sighed, smiling a little. "We want to be married before little figgy is born." She bit her lip to keep from laughing at their faces.

"You did *not* just call your kid figgy." Max laughed. Bev started cackling, reaching over and hugging El.

"I freaking love you, El, God."

"Hey! Blame Mike! Every week we call the baby something different! He's reading the baby book Dustin got him constantly."

"God, what is it next week?" Nancy asked.

"Uh… Lime I think? I could go look but I don't wanna bother him by looking for it." They laughed. "And I'm pretty sure morning sickness is over for me, because I haven't puked in a couple of days- knock on wood."

"Couple more days and you'll be in the second trimester." Nancy grinned at her and El nodded.

"I know it's too soon to tell, but are you two gonna find out the gender?" Max asked.

"I don't think so. I want to be surprised and I think Mike does too."

"I couldn't do that." Nancy shook her head. "I *had* to know. And then Nora had to go and hide herself from the ultrasound for a month." El

laughed.

"You're not worried about getting baby clothes or the nursery?" Bev asked. El shook her head.

"They make gender neutral colors so… and in a couple months, Will said he'd come help paint the nursery. Me and Mike will paint the solid color, which will probably be a light grey? Not sure yet. Will's gonna paint some silhouettes for us."

"That'll be cute! Of what though?" Nancy asked.

"I'm not telling." She put a finger to her lips, grinning. They rolled their eyes but laughed.

Eventually, they had everything they'd planned for the day done, and were talking about the bridal shower and bachelorette party.

"Are you having a bridal shower? You don't *have* to, but you get presents. Right?" Bev looked at Nancy who snorted and nodded.

"Eh… I don't know, maybe. There aren't many people who'd come, only you guys, Holly, Elizabeth, you guys aunt, Lucas' mom, Dustin's… maybe Max's? My mom, Karen… and Becky probably."

"That's what, twelve people? That's plenty!" Max said.

"I'm positive that some of our aunts will be in town two weeks before the wedding, so depending on when you want to have it, they'll come with their daughters. Grandma too, come to think of it, she'll be staying with mom because she wants to spend time with Rich."

"Understandable. Find out when they're coming and I'll think about it." Nancy nodded and wrote it down in her notebook. She took this *very* seriously, and couldn't wait to help plan Richie and Eddie's wedding. If they wanted her help, that is.

Friday, October 2, 1992

Nearly three weeks later, Mike was still limping and his ribs still hurt, but he was fine, and Hopper allowed him to come back to work-

though he could only sit in El's office with her and help her out, which neither argued over. The knot on his head was gone, as well as the bruises, which had faded completely a couple days ago. They made an appointment to go cake tasting at four, where they were right now.

"How many flavors of cake is *there*?" Mike asked, eyes wide as the lady talking to them- Michele, which El found hilarious- put a platter of cupcakes, all different flavors, in front of them.

"There are a lot of them." Michele smiled. "Lots of different icing, too. Are either of you allergic to anything? Just want to make sure so we don't get sued." She joked. Mike snorted and they shook their heads. They tried a couple of the more traditional ones first, and then started going to other flavors, one that had lemon icing and Mike almost choked on it because of the look El gave him. "Something wrong?" Michele asked. El laughed and shook her head, patting his back.

"He's fine. I'm pregnant, and the baby is the size of a lemon this week, according to his baby book."

"Awe!" She cooed. "That's adorable! How long have you two been together, anyways? I meant to ask earlier."

"Going on eight years in about a month." Mike said proudly, grinning at El. She smiled back at him.

"Really? How old are you?"

"I'm twenty one, and she'll be twenty one next month."

"Wow… Most middle and high school relationships don't last a week, let alone eight years."

"Two of our best friends have been together almost as long as us." El told her, trying the piece of cake with the lemon, which she cringed at. "That's a no." Mike snorted.

"My brother and his fiance have been together seven years."

"You guys are pretty lucky then, if I say so myself. I've been married

for ten years now, and we'd dated for about three before he proposed." She chuckled. "The old fart- he's only thirty four but he acts like he's older- was afraid I'd say no, but here we are, ten years later with two children, a boy and a girl." Mike and El smiled at her, then at each other. They tried a few more and El huffed, staring at the first two pieces they tried, which was probably two of the most boring flavors- that she *loved*- chocolate and vanilla.

"Most of these are so good but… you guys chocolate and vanilla is to die for." Mike nodded in agreement.

"I've been tempted to go back for more but I haven't. Holly would call us boring." El snorted at that and nodded. "I liked the red velvet too, though."

"Mmm! So did I! Ugh, Nancy didn't tell us it would be this hard to choose."

"You could use all three." Michele suggested. "If you want a three tiered cake, each tier can be a different flavor." El looked at Mike, who shrugged.

"You wanted three anyways, right?" He asked. She nodded.

"We'd need it, you know Dustin and Will can eat a whole tier themselves. In one sitting." He laughed and nodded.

"We'll go with that, then."

"Great!" She wrote it down on a small notepad. "Next is icing, and then design."

"Oh jeez."

Tuesday, October 27, 1992

"So… how many family members am I going to be meeting in the next week or two?" Richie asked as he and Mike were getting fitted for their suits.

"Oh, um, you'll be meeting my mom's mom and dad's dad, two of

mom's brothers and their families, dad's brother and sister and their families, some of mom's close friends, their kids… A lot of people, man. El's having the bridal party on the fourteenth and they'll all be here by then, you and Eddie are gonna be in a house full of people and so are we. Nancy too, actually." Mike groaned. "I love everyone but damn they're annoying."

"I never had any aunts or uncles or cousins with Went and Mags." Richie shrugged. "Or grandparents, so this is all new to me." Mike bit his lip, flinching a little, having forgotten.

"Uh, I'm sorry man, I… you'll love them, and they'll love you. Nana'll probably cry."

"You think so?" Richie looked over at him and Mike nodded.

"I know so, mom told me that she called her and told her and she cried. Or nearly did, at least."

"Huh."

"She's a piece of work but you two will definitely get along great." Richie snorted.

"You calling me a piece of work, Michael?" Richie asked, raising an eyebrow.

"He's not wrong!" Eddie yelled from the other room. He was looking at suits himself, Nora on his hip. The three were babysitting her for today and she wouldn't leave his side- literally. Richie pouted and Mike cackled.

"You people are so mean to me."

Friday, November 6, 1992

"Come on baby, sit down." Mike said, putting a hand on the small of El's back and guiding her towards the living room. She sighed.

"I'm sorry. You know I always get nervous today."

"I know." He pulled her in his arms and hugged her. "Calling Will later tonight should help, right?" She nodded into his chest.

"Hey party people! I brought presents! A-K-A pizza, ice cream, chocolate, and everyone's favorite, Eddie Spaghetti!" Richie yelled at the top of his lungs, barging in without knocking. Mike jumped and El started laughing.

"I'm going to murder you." Eddie grumbled.

"What are you guys doing here?" El asked, keeping her arms wrapped around Mike's middle.

"A little birdy told me that you might need a little cheering up tonight, and yes, I'm aware that you two'll probably do the *perfect* thing to cheer you up in the bedroom-" Eddie elbowed him in the ribs and he giggled. Eddie rolled his eyes. "Really though, we know that nine years ago tonight, Will went missing and you escaped from the lab and that you feel uneasy, so we wanted to try and help you out." He put the two boxes of pizza on the coffee table and held up the bag of chocolate and ice cream. El almost cried, and let go of Mike, only to squeeze Richie to death. He laughed and hugged her back, resting his cheek on the top of her head.

"I know Mike's ribs are glad she isn't hugging him like this." Richie joked and she jabbed him with a finger and he snorted.

"I'm gonna go put the ice cream in the freezer." Eddie said, grinning as he took the bag from Richie and did as he said.

"Why? I thought we were eating it first?" Richie pouted, lifting his head from El's. Eddie blushed.

"You know why." Eddie mumbled. Mike raised an eyebrow at Richie, and he wiggled his.

"You two made out in the car before you came in here, didn't you?" El asked, pulling away a bit and looking up at him. He grinned at her cheekily.

"Maybe. Smart woman."

"Mike taught me."

"What?" Richie made a face.

"What?" She asked, grinning. "Mike's smart, and he taught me a lot of what I know." Mike chuckled and shrugged, going in the kitchen to grab plates for them to eat off of.

"After I shut the gate, dad finally let him see me and he would bring all these books and read to me, and help me learn so I could start school with them."

"I think Mike stole all the sweetness from Richie in the womb." Eddie said, coming back in and sitting on the couch.

"Hey! I'm sweet!" Richie pouted.

"Richie, the sweetest things you ever did for me when we were in school is snap my arm back into place and carry a spare inhaler around because you thought I'd need it even though I didn't."

"I was right, though, wasn't I?" Eddie tilted his head to the side and then nodded.

"I guess you were." He patted the space next to him and he plopped down beside him, sitting Indian style. In the middle of the couch. Mike grabbed them all some water and he and El sat on the other couch, El sitting like Richie.

"How is Bev making your wedding dress?" Eddie asked her.

"I don't actually know." She said, shrugging. "She measures me everytime she sees me to see how fast my belly's growing, but doesn't say anything. She wanted to surprise me with it."

"Didn't she ask you what you wanted?" Mike asked, mouth full of pizza. She nodded but rolled her eyes at his lack of manners.

"Yeah, I gave her an idea of what I wanted and she knows what I like so I trust her."

"Mike are you gonna dance with me at your wedding?" Richie asked,

wiggling his eyebrows.

"If you want me to." Mike said, shrugging. Richie's eyes widened slightly.

"Oh. I didn't think you'd agree."

"Why wouldn't I?" Mike made a face.

"Uh, 'cause two guys dancing?"

"Okay, one, you're my brother, and two, I don't give a *shit*. As far as I know, everyone coming to the wedding are perfectly fine with gay people, and even if they weren't I wouldn't care."

"Air high five." Richie held up both hands and Mike laughed, doing the same. Eddie snorted and rolled his eyes.

"Oh, speaking of bumps!" El put her plate in Mike's lap and hopped up, lifting up her shirt- it was actually Mike's- and put a hand on the top and bottom of her belly. Richie made some weird sound with his mouth closed- as he had pizza in his mouth- and his eyes widened. Eddie awe'd.

"Dude!" Richie swallowed. "It wasn't that big last week!" He squeaked.

"That's how pregnancy works, you doof." She bopped the top of his head and pulled her shirt back down, returning to her seat.

"The baby had a growth spurt then. Jeez." Richie didn't know how to act.

"I feel tiny little movements, at least I think it's what they are. You can't feel them on the outside yet."

"That sounds gross." Mike snorted, rubbing her stomach. She smiled up at him and he pecked her cheek.

"Mmm! What if the baby has powers like El?" Eddie asked, bouncing up and down in his spot like a child. "That'd be cool!"

"Mike would be screwed, then." Richie snickered, full on laughing at

the face Mike made. He looked down at El's stomach.

"Please don't have powers like mama, I don't think I could handle it."

8. Chapter 7

The wedding is next chapter, I PROMISE. Like 100% will be in the next chapter, no doubt about it.

Friday, November 13, 1992

"Richie, you don't have to dress up." Mike said, holding the phone to his ear.

"I want to make a good first impression!"

"Richie, you didn't make a good first impression with me. You poked me in the face and Lucas said that if we started talking at the same time he was gonna have to kill one of us and you said, and I quote *I vote that one* and pointed at me." Richie cackled and Mike snorted. Karen raised an eyebrow at him. "It was probably the best first impression if you ask me, but you don't need to dress up or anything dude, just like… wear jeans and one of your hawaiian shirts or something. Just do something with the hair."

"Like you're one to talk! We have the same hair!"

"But yours is longer and you better wear it down or mom will cut that bun right off."

"Wait really?" Mike hummed in response. "How do you know?"

"She did it to one of our cousins once."

"No shit, really?"

"Yep."

"Go mama Trashmouth!" Mike laughed at that.

"Okay, hurry up and get your asses over here! You're the only one that's not here. Plus Holly, but she'll be here in like, two minutes."

"Aye aye, Captain! Richie Tozier will be there in ten minutes. Bye!"

He hung up before Mike could reply and Mike rolled his eyes, putting the phone back on the receiver.

"Finally, come on, you two need to come greet the family!" Mike and El had been hiding out in the kitchen for the last ten minutes, trying to get as much time alone as possible considering they wouldn't be for the next couple days. Mike made a face and El giggled. Karen walked into the living room, where both grandparents, his mom's sister in laws- his aunts Carole and Abigail, his dad's sister and sister in law- his aunts Amanda and Adaline, and their daughters were with them. Carole had two girls who were both in college, Payton (twenty) and Olivia (18), Abigail had three, a set of twin girls who've just graduate high school and were taking a year off from school- Chloe and Layla (18). The youngest was Holly's age (twelve), and her favorite cousin, Lidia. Amanda had four (yes, four) daughters, one expecting her own daughter, Natalie (twenty five), Hannah (twenty three) is in medical school, Skylar (twenty) is in college, and Violet (seventeen) is still in high school. Adaline had one daughter named Madison (four) who didn't start school until next year.

Mike made a face, wondering where his uncles were.

"Michael!" Grandpa exclaimed, rushing over to him. "Ella!"

"Hey, grandpa!" Mike grinned widely, hugging him back just as tight. El smiled at him happily, waiting for her hug. She absolutely adored him and Nana.

"Ella, how are you my dear?" He asked, pulling her in for a hug as Mike hugged his Nana, who pinched his cheeks like usual and didn't let him go for a few minutes.

"I'm good! Starting to feel like a whale." She gave him a grin.

"You're not a whale!" Mike called from across the room, where he was being passed around by his aunts and cousins. She rolled her eyes.

"How far along are you now?" Nana asked, pulling her in for a hug.

"Twenty weeks."

"Oh! Halfway there! Do you know what you're having?"

"No ma'am, we want to be surprised." El smiled.

"I bet it's a girl." She grinned. "Michael and… and Richard are the only boys that have been born in the last twenty something years." El nodded.

"I don't care as long as he or she is healthy." She put a hand on her stomach.

"Where *is* Richard?" Grandpa asked.

"He's on his way with his fiance." She told them. "He prefers Richie, though."

"Psh, just like Michael prefers Mike. I guess I could cut him some slack." She winked at her and El chuckled. Mike finally came back over to them, wrapping an arm around El and resting his chin on top of her head.

"What're we talking about over here?" He asked.

"You and Richard and your preferences." Nana said. Mike choked on his spit a little and El elbowed him in the stomach. "Your names, I mean."

"Oh." He snorted.

"Richie!" Holly yelled.

"When did she get here?" Mike muttered.

"You literally just saw me this morning." They heard Richie say. He and Eddie had come in through the backdoor to avoid all the people. Holly laughed and ran off into the living room.

"Oh my God there are so many women in here." Richie said loudly. "Dude I didn't know there were this many girls in the family." He pinched Mike in the side and Mike smacked him.

"Quit it." He hissed, and pushed him towards their grandparents, who were staring at him with wide eyes. He had his contacts in today.

"Oh my…" Nana burst into tears and covered her face with her hands. Mike nudged Richie towards her and Richie looked at him like he was insane.

"Hug her!" He mouthed.

"Oh." Richie rushed forward and pulled her into a hug.

"You're so tall!" She exclaimed. "I didn't think I'd live to see you back home." She sniffed, hugging him tightly.

"Well here I am." He smiled. She smelled like an old person, and he usually hated old people because they were usually assholes but from what he could tell, she wasn't and neither was his grandpa.

"Well hell, Margaret, stop hogging the boy!" Grandpa grumbled. Nana glared at him and Richie chuckled, biting his lips. That was Maggie's real name. He swallowed and smiled brightly as he hugged his grandpa. "Tall like your old man, huh?"

"Uh, yes sir." Richie nodded, patting him on the back. Grandpa didn't hug him nearly as long as Nana had.

"Oh, you're new, who are you?" Nana asked Eddie. Eddie looked at Richie, eyes widening slightly.

"Nana, Grandpa, this is Eddie. Eddie, Nana, Grandpa." Richie introduced jokingly. "Eddie is my fiance."

"Ah, that's right! You're getting married too! Congratulations, it's nice to meet you!" Nana pulled Eddie into a hug and Richie laughed at the face he made.

"Okay so, I'm pretty sure I have a couple uncles? Where are they?" Richie asked.

"Yeah, I thought they were coming too?" Mike made a face. Adaline walked over with Madison on her hip.

"We're not staying the full two weeks like originally planned, since it's just a couple hour drive for all of us." She explained. "We're just staying this weekend and then coming back the weekend of the

wedding, and the boys will be with us then. We didn't want to bother you guys for two weeks straight."

"You wouldn't be a bother." Karen waved her off, rushing off into the living room.

"What the- where is she going?" Richie made a face.

"She's always going somewhere, dude, catch up." He flipped him off.

"Oh shit, Richie!" Adaline exclaimed, holding out her free arm. "I'm your Aunt Adaline, and this is Madison."

"Hey, it's nice to finally meet you." He said, giving her a smile. He held out a hand to Madison for a high five and she did so with a grin.

"Hey Mikey." She waved at Mike, who snatched her from Adaline and started tickling her. She giggled wildly.

"He's gonna be such a good daddy." Abigail sighed, and smiled at Richie. "I'm Abigail, your mom's older sister. Uh, in law, but she's practically my sister. Carole too."

"Ahh, nice to meet you." She hugged him quickly and noticed the ring on his finger and gasped.

"You're wearing dad's wedding ring?" She squealed, catching the attention of the rest of the girls, who crowded into the kitchen.

Oh fuck me. Richie thought. *I never saw this many women when I was in high school. Not at once.*

"Uh, yeah. We're engaged." He grabbed Eddie's hand and held them up. "This cute little turd is Eddie Spaghetti and he's the love of my life." Eddie elbowed him. "He's also abusive but I love him." Eddie rolled his eyes but had a smile on his face.

"Who proposed?" One of the younger girls asked.

"Me." Eddie said timidly.

"He asked mom for permission and *everything*. She gave him the ring

and he proposed with it. I love this thing." He flashed it around and they all giggled. He grinned. Mike looked over at him and gave him a look that said *I told you so.*

"Man, El, my girl, my soon to be sister in law, light of my life, I am *so* sorry you have to deal with so many women tomorrow and their boobs." Richie said, plopping down beside her on he and Eddie's bed. She'd gone up there to take a break while Karen and Mike took those staying elsewhere- as in Nancy's and Mike and El's houses- Eddie was downstairs with Holly, Aunt Abigail and her daughters Chloe, Layla and Lidia.

"Richie, I love you, but I don't understand your fear of boobs." She said, turning her head to look at him. He giggled a little.

"It's a very sad story." He said, suddenly serious. She raised an eyebrow. "I was riding my bike down the street, right? This was when it was just me, Eds, Billiam and Stan the man. I was just minding my own business, about eleven years old, when this old lady just… lifted up her shirt and flashed everyone. She wasn't doing it to me *directly* because that's really fucked up, but there were old men across the street and she was very… outgoing, I guess you could say. They looked like a ball sack in ninety degree heat that had no life left in them. I fell off my bike and busted my chin open, that's where I got this scar from. I was scarred for life. Literally." He finished. She stared at him.

"You're joking." She said. He shook his head.

"This is one of the few times I'm not joking. I'm one hundred percent telling you the truth."

"Richie…" She bit her lip to keep from laughing, but gave up when he gave her a look and started cackling. He laughed with her. "You do know… that not all boobs… look like that, right?" She asked between her giggles.

"I'm well aware. I've almost seen yours and I've seen Bev's on more than one occasion, but either way, it does nothing for me so." He shrugged and sent her into another fit of laughter.

"Mike is the complete opposite." She giggled.

"Mikey likes boobies?" He asked, snorting.

"He likes *mine*!" She laughed, burying her face in his shoulder.

"I'm *so* gonna mention this at the bachelor party."

Saturday, November 21, 1992

A week later, El's bridal shower was done and over with and they couldn't be happier. Along with Mike's cousins, Aunts and Nana, Max, Bev, Elizabeth, Nancy, Holly and Ayla (Becky and Even *Kali* showed up) attended the shower, and El got a shit ton more than she expected. Stuff for herself alone- a few less than innocent things from Max and Bev alike- and other things for both her and Mike, and some stuff for him to put in the basement as a *mancave*. Will, Dustin and Lucas arrived late Friday night, as their Thanksgiving breaks started earlier than the schools in Hawkins did. Mike Hanlon, Stan, Bill, and Ben arrived about mid-day, as they were spending their breaks in Hawkins as well, staying with Bev like in the summer.

Tonight, though, they were having their bachelorette and bachelor parties. The boys were going to the Wheeler house for their party, where they would go into the basement and drink beer and eat pizza while playing D and D. The Losers were going to sit back and watch, and the four Party members were playing, as Dustin said, a last hurrah before the first one of them got married.

The girls (except for Holly, Karen and Nora- she's included, of course- who would be upstairs, away from the boys) would be at Max and Lucas' apartment, where Max had decorated with multiple dick shaped decorations, along with a cake that was very… interesting.

"I *knew* you were gonna do this! I called it!" El laughed as she walked in the living room. Max cackled.

"Okay, this is all fine and dandy but can we please *not* talk about my brother's junk? At least not while I'm in the room?" Nancy said, cringing. The girls laughed.

"Does it count if you're in the bathroom?" Bev asked.

"As long as the conversation ends before I come back." She replied. El giggled. They'd ended up all talking about their relationships, Ayla with Mike H, Elizabeth with Dustin, Bev with Bill, all of which were going great, thought Ayla and Mike H weren't *officially* together, they spent a lot of time together while he was in town.

"Mama Steve!" Dustin shrieked as Steve and Jonathan walked down the basement stairs.

"Dustin!" Mike grumbled, throwing a bottle cap at him. It bounced off his forehead but he was too distracted to pay any mind to it. They'd been playing the game for a couple hours, and as the four- and the Losers- drank more, they ended up stopping. Bill had taken notes on the way Mike was telling the story, and had asked him multiple questions. It's safe to say he loved everything Mike had come up with. Mike had even offered to show him his old campaigns at some point. Richie made out with Eddie for a while, but when Mike really started getting into the game he started paying attention, watching intently.

"Wheeler! This time next week you'll be a married man!" Steve clapped him on the back and Mike had the biggest grin on his face. He'd had *multiple* beers, and he was, a uh… lightweight, if you will. He and Richie drunk together sure was a sight to see, and Jonathan had gotten a lot of it on camera after he and Steve arrived, with more beer. Though neither of them, Stan or Mike H were drinking, the beer was gone in a matter of hours. Mike and Richie had play wrestled like children on the ground, giggling and laughing like mad, eventually stopping to catch their breath and basically cuddling- which both would deny the next day- on the floor.

El enjoyed watching her friends get drunk off their asses. Well, maybe not *that* drunk. Nancy did, though, considering she hadn't let loose in a while, she was the drunkest. El, of course, was one hundred percent sober, and if she wasn't pregnant, probably would've remained that way. They'd told stories about Mike or El over the years, and they eventually got to the private parts of their relationship, which Nancy was glad to have been so drunk she didn't remember a thing about it, considering they talked sizes and El

blushed the entire time.

9. Not a chapter but I need help XD

Hey so, sorry this isn't an update but I need some help or like, insight on something. Those of you who've read this (or my other stories) might know I'm gonna start a Stranger Things/The 100 crossover. If you watch the series, let me know (if you want to, you don't *have* to XD). You can PM me on here, my Instagram finnlardmydude, or my email (which is one just for people who don't have an account or anything and want to talk. :D) It's milevenreddiesfanfic (gmail)

Also! Emery! Sorry I haven't been responding in the A/N's, I've been rushing to get those last to chapters up that I didn't realize. So I'm going to now :)

A/N: Thank you! That baby is the absolute sweetest thing I've ever seen!

Chapter 6: Awe haha, well rip! XD oof Mike's gonna need therapy if the baby has powers at this point XD

Chapter 7: XD I'm glad I made you laugh, because irl I'm not exactly funny lmao

So you guys just let me know if you want to help! The main thing I'm worrying about is the characters and who would be who. I know that Mike and Nancy would be The Blake siblings (Nancy as Bellamy and Mike as Octavia) and El would be Lincoln. It's the other characters that worry me, so if someone could help me out I'd really appreciate it XD

10. Chapter 8

The chapter you've all been waiting for! Hope you guys like it! The reception will be in the next chapter.

Upon request from Phieilly, the wedding is basically a smaller, more 90's version of the Breaking Dawn Part 1 wedding :)

Emery: I have seen it! :) I completely agree, I don't see Mike as Blodreina either. Me and a new friend of mine have been working on characters, and we've figured out a good bit of the main ones already, like Dustin and Lucas would be Jasper and Monty. The 100 has a lot of death in it, but I most definitely won't be killing the Party. I just can't do it. The characters will be a lot different, and some take on their own story lines as well as some others, if that makes sense? Like Nancy is more Clarke with some stuff than Jonathan is. You'll see in a couple months :D

P.S. Sorry if there are a bunch of mistakes, it's 5 AM and I wanted to finish it before I went to bed so... yeah, Phieilly will let me know if I fucked up bad and I'll go fix it XD

Thursday, November 26, 1992

"So does most of the women in the family like to make things complicated or something?" Richie asked Mike as the two of them shoveled snow out of the driveway of the Wheeler's house.

"Pretty much." Mike pulled his beanie down a little more. "Why does it have to snow *this* week. Like come on."

"At least it's not snowing anymore until sometime next week."

"Yeah." Mike huffed. "I'm just glad we don't have to *shovel* the backyard. That's Jonathan, Steve and Dustin's job." Richie snorted. They obviously had to clear the snow for the wedding on Saturday, and since it wasn't going to snow anymore, they decided to get it down while Will, Eddie and the women were inside cooking. Hopper

watched from the front porch with a beer in hand, and El and Eddie would check on them from time to time with a grin. Steve and Dustin were here because they actually volunteered to help out, since Steve ate Thanksgiving lunch with Dustin and his mom, and they would have dinner with them. Those two never got full, it seemed.

"So back to the complicated women thing, have our aunts always made last minute decisions like this?" Richie asked.

"Yep." Mike nodded. "I remember when I was still in high school, they all planned to stay the girls entire two week vacations down here with us, since, you know, they only live a couple hours away in Chicago and some in Indianapolis and shit. They'd planned to come right away but then change their minds last minute and only stayed a week. Mom hates it."

"I bet. I guess that's where I get my last minute-ness from." Mike laughed and rolled his eyes. "I feel bad for the girls, they're gonna freeze their nipples off."

"Dude." Mike snorted. "The ceremony won't be long, and it hopefully won't be as cold as it is today. We're taking a bunch of pictures but they'll be quick and then we're going straight to the community center." He told him. "And I think they're all gonna have on long sleeves? So it'll help a little. I know dresses are hot as shit."

"How do you know? Have you ever been in one?" Richie stood up straight and raised an eyebrow at Mike.

"No, but I remember when El wore her prom dress she complained a lot about her legs being sweaty and gross."

"Wouldn't you know." Richie wiggled his eyebrows and Mike threw a snowball at him and he cackled.

"Wheeler! Ricky! Get back to work!" Hopper yelled, snickering when he got two middle fingers each from the two.

"Ricky's here?" Eddie exclaimed excitedly, running out the door and onto the porch, a giggling El behind him. "Ricky Toe-Z-er? Oh my *God* he's the love of my life! Much better than the weird giraffe guy

I'm marrying!"

"And I'm the dramatic one!" Richie yelled, pouting. Mike tackled him into the snow and Richie shrieked, *loudly*. He'd been too busy watching Eddie that he didn't notice Mike come up behind him. Jonathan, Steve and Dustin came running around the side of the house, only to see the two rolling around in the snow giggling like children. Steve started grumbling and he and Jonathan went back to the back yard while Dustin stayed and cheered them on. The wrestling lasted a while, until Joyce finally came outside and yelled,

"Dinner is ready! Get your asses out of the snow before you get sick!" Then she went back inside, probably to tell the two in the back the same thing. Hopper went on inside and El and Eddie came out to help them get all the snow off them.

"Bet you didn't expect a pat down tonight, did ya Mikey boy?" Richie wiggled his eyebrows at him and Mike punched him in the shoulder with a roll of his eyes. El just giggled and Eddie pinched his side. "Abuse!"

They're first Thanksgiving together was one for the books. There was a tone of food, and they all ate until they couldn't anymore. Richie had them all laughing until it hurt at one point, and El ended up falling asleep on the couch, so when she and Mike left, he woke her up long enough to get her coat and shoes on, and carried her to the car. Richie had passed out too, along with Dustin, but Steve just yanked at Dustin's hair until he woke up and the two left, thanking them for the dinner. Joyce, Will and Hopper left soon after Mike and El did, and Nancy and Jonathan didn't leave until later, once Nora and Richie woke up, the former having curled up with him a little while after he fell asleep. Richie had been dramatic as usual, saying he would've eat for weeks, when in reality, he'd eat just as big a meal the next morning, the next night and Saturday thanks to the wedding festivities.

Friday, November 27, 1992

"Hey Mike? El?" Stan asked, walking over to them. They'd just done the wedding rehearsal and were eating dinner at Benny's before

everyone split up. They looked at him.

"Yeah?" Mike asked.

"Um, I invited my girlfriend to come with me, and she'll be arriving any minute now, and I hope you don't mind…"

"Of course not!" El waved him off. "You can bring anyone you want. We told Richie to tell you."

"Oh, okay! Awesome. I'm gonna go yell at Richard for not telling me, then." The two laughed and nodded, watching as Stan walked right up to Richie and smacked him on his shoulder.

"Ellie!" Bev sang, dancing her way up to them with non existent music playing.

"Yes, Bevvy?" El asked, resting her chin on her hand.

"I have one hundred percent completed your wedding dress, and I think you will love it, if I say so myself." She grinned. El raised an eyebrow.

"Why you gotta tease me like that." She whined. Bev giggled and made her way back over to Bill. El pouted at Mike and he laughed, leaning down to kiss her. He put a hand on her stomach after he pulled away and went to say something to his grandma when he felt a slight thump on his hand. His head snapped towards El and she looked at him. It happened again and Mike jumped slightly.

"Oh my God." He whispered. El put her hand over his and smiled widely.

"Ugh, they're all lovey and gross again." Dustin groaned.

"Okay but when aren't they like that?" Elizabeth asked.

"You two aren't any better." Steve said, rolling his eyes. They snickered. "Hey, is Mike crying?" He asked, noticing as El pulled Mike into a hug, and he buried his face in her hair. Dustin shrugged.

"Wheeler! We're gonna have enough tears from you tomorrow! Quit

it!" Max shrieked across the restaurant. Mike lifted a hand in the air and flipped her off, even though he didn't know which direction she was in. He knew she saw it by her laughter. A couple minutes later he pulled away and pecked El on the lips again.

"That's crazy." He muttered.

"I never thought I'd feel anything like *that*." She said, rubbing her stomach again.

Over at the table the Losers sat at, Stan had gotten up and run outside somewhere, but none of them could see him.

"Okay but why does Stan act like he's my mother?" Richie grumbled, eyeing the door. "I have a perfectly good one over there!" Eddie rolled his eyes and patted his chest.

"It's your own fault, Rich. Should've told him he could bring a guest instead of letting him get all nervous about asking those two."

"Okay true, but still, he didn't have to hit me. I'm gonna have a bruise on my arm tomorrow!"

"Oh shut it, you big baby." Stan sighed, walking up to the table with a dark haired woman by his side. "Richard, behave." He gave Richie a look.

"Stop calling me Richard, mom." He retorted. Stan rolled his eyes and turned to everyone else. He smiled.

"Guys, this is my girlfriend, Patricia, but she goes by Patty. That's Bev, Bill, Mike Hanlon, Ben, Eddie and… Richie." She chuckled and waved.

"Hi."

"Hey!" Bev grinned at her. "We're glad to finally be meeting you."

"It's nice to meet you all too."

"Stan the man here wouldn't stop talking about ya once he actually told us about ya." Richie said, grinning.

"Oh really?" Patty looked at Stan who blushed and glared at Richie.

"Awe I made him blush! Hey, Patty, has he shown you his bird book collection? I've seen one to many Woody Woodpeckers if you know what I mean." Stan went to hit him but Richie darted out of his seat and literally *dove* behind his mom. "Help!" He squeaked, peeking out from behind her, letting out a breath of relief when Stan didn't follow, instead he was introducing Patty to everyone else. "Oh, well, nevermind. I saw my life flash before my eyes. *Again.*"

Once everyone was done eating and were ready to head out, Mike and El made their way outside to have a few minutes alone before they were forced apart for the night.

"It's so cold. You don't think tomorrow will be too bad for everyone to be outside?" El asked. Mike shook his head.

"I know exactly how to warm you up." He winked at her and she rolled her eyes fondly and grinned up at him. He pulled her into his arms. "Really, though, I think it'll be okay. Mom said that she wasn't letting the guests outside until right before the wedding starts, and we're- me and the guys- will be seating everyone before it starts. Nana, Grandpa, my aunts, uncles, all of them won't be here until about three thirty, and it starts at four so… Yeah."

"That was a very lengthy explanation." El said, grinning. He started to say something but decided against it, snorting. "What?"

"I just thought of a very Richie like pun, I'm not saying it." She laughed.

"I have an idea of what it might've been." She winked at him and he snickered, leaning down to kiss her.

"Alright, break it up! I've caught you two making out out here too many times to count." Steve said as everyone came outside. El would be staying with the girls at the Wheelers and Mike and the guys would be staying at he and El's house. The two rolled their eyes and pulled away from the kiss but didn't pull away from each other.

"You've got plenty of time to do this tomorrow."

"Come on guys, do we really have to separate?" Mike whined, nuzzling his face in her hair.

"We haven't slept apart in a long time." She pouted.

"Yes, you have to separate. We've gotta get you ready tonight and tomorrow and you're not allowed to see each other." Nancy told them, speaking to them like they were children, though playfully. Mike groaned and lifted his head.
"We tried." He whispered and she smiled up at him. She tilted her head back and he kissed her again. He'd have kissed her longer if it weren't for his brother and Dustin literally taking him by the shoulders and pulling him away while Nancy and Max grabbed El. They held hands until they were too far, trying, and succeeding, in being dramatic, making everyone laugh.

"I love you!" El yelled.

"I love you too!" He yelled back.

"See you at the altar!" She pointed at him and he pointed at her.

"Promise!"

That night, the guys didn't drink, but they did talk for a couple hours, telling stories about each other, while at the Wheeler house, the girls listened to music and took turns painting each others nails and doing facials, courtesy of Bev. She and Elizabeth would be doing the girls hair in the morning, while Nancy did their makeup, including her own, Karen, Joyce's and Holly. They painted their nails to match their dresses, while El's was a pale pink that she loved.

Saturday, November 28, 1992

"You're getting married today!" Max screamed at the top of her lungs, jumping up and down on El's bed. "Wakey wakey, eggs and bakey! Oh God, I sound like Dustin. Get up, soon to be Mrs. Wheeler!" El grinned and opened her eyes, rolling them at how ridiculous Max looked. She had curlers in her hair already, wrapped in a purple robe.

"You look ridiculous." El said, sitting up. Everyone was up and

moving around, she could hear footsteps in the hall.

"Karen's getting the finishing touches outside already and we're having breakfast after you shower, so get with it! We have," She looked at the clock on the wall. It was eight o'clock. "Seven hours until you get married!"

It was different for Mike, but definitely not better. He was woken up at ten by Richie, Dustin and Lucas jumping *on him* and he was pretty sure he kneed Dustin in the balls but he didn't show it.

"Mikey! You're getting married today! Get your ass up and in the shower!" Richie sang loudly. Mike just laughed and pushed them off him.

"I know I'm getting married today, no need to yell."

"Many needs to yell, I'm excited." Richie grinned. He took Mike by the wrists and pulled him into a sitting position. "Oh jeez, you're gonna have to let Eds take care of that hair."

"You're one to talk, Bev has to do something to yours before the wedding starts."

"True."

By noon, all members of each wedding party were showered and had eaten breakfast and lunch. Eddie attempted to tame Mike and Dustin's hair as much as possible, and did to an extent. He didn't even *attempt* Richie's, knowing that with the length he wouldn't be able to do anything.

"You nervous yet, buddy?" Dustin asked, poking Mike in the shoulder. He shook his head.

"Not really nervous, just excited.

"You'll be a bundle of nerves as you wait at that alter." Jonathan said, walking in with Steve and Hopper. They were all best buddies now, apparently.

"Don't *try* and make me nervous, dickhead." Jonathan just laughed.

"I'm more nervous about walking her down the aisle and trying not to trip." Hopper said, plopping down. He'd gotten a fresh haircut and trimmed his beard this morning. Mike snorted.

"I'll die laughing if you do." Dustin said, and Hopper threw a pillow at him.

"Are we changing into our suits when we get to the house?" Will asked and Mike nodded.

"Yeah, we're going in the basement so we don't *chance* seeing the girls." He pouted slightly at that and Will snorted, patting him on the back.

At the Wheeler's, the girls were getting their hair and makeup done. Nancy had already done hers, the moms and Holly's makeup- which wasn't very much for her, just a bit of lip gloss and mascara. By the time their hair was done, all in a curly updo with curls framing the face- Karen and Joyce both had theirs down and curly with clips holding annoying hairs out of their faces- Nancy was doing El's makeup. Her hair was in loose curls, her hair pulled back halfway out of the way, a few curls framing her face. It was three thirty by the time hair and makeup was done, and the girls- save for El- were already in their dresses. Everyone except for El and Bev left the room to greet the guests arriving- Karen having been asked by one of the guys to come to the basement.

"Is something wrong?" She asked.

"Uh, maybe just a tad bit." Dustin said. "Mike's sort of staring at his tie and not saying anything to anyone." She raised an eyebrow and he shrugged. They went down to the basement and he was doing exactly that. She walked over to him and put a hand on his shoulder.

"What's wrong, baby?" She asked.

"Dad used to always put on my ties for me." He whispered, just loud enough for her to hear.

"Oh baby." She pulled him into a tight hug, sort of rocking a little as he cried quietly. She pulled away a bit and wiped his tears away. "He

would be so proud of you, Mikey." She told him."So, so proud of you. I know he'll be watching." He nodded, sniffing. Richie handed him a tissue quietly and Mike nodded to him in thanks.

"Thank you." He whispered to her. She kissed his forehead.

"Do you want me to tie it for you?" She asked and he nodded.

Upstairs, Bev buttoned the last button on El's dress with a satisfied smile. It fit perfectly.

"You ready to see it?" She asked, doing a little happy dance. El nodded, smiling. "Ooh, hang on, let's put your veil on first." She grabbed it and put it on where her hair was tied back. "We'll put your shoes on in a bit." El nodded again and slowly turned around. She gasped as she stared at her reflection.

The silhouette of the dress was an A-line, fitted just under her breasts, flowing out over her bump and to the floor, joined with a sweetheart neckline, sheer sleeves going down her arms, stopping at her wrists, lace flowing down the tops of her arms, the top of the dress and down until about mid-thigh. The dress itself was made out of silk, and hugged her bump perfectly.

"Oh my God, Bev…" She fanned her face, turning and hugging the redhead tightly. "I love it!"

"Really?"

"Of course I do!" El chuckled, releasing her and turning back to the mirror. Joyce and Max walked in and stopped in their tracks when El turned around. "How do I look?" She asked shyly.

"Like a mother fucking princess." Was Max's reply.

"I'm gonna cry…" Joyce whispered, fanning herself, much like El had. She rushed over to her and hugged her. "You look so beautiful!"

"You'd better not- Holy shit! El!" Nancy gasped, freezing like Joyce and Max had. "You look amazing!" El blushed.

"Thank you."

"Mike's gonna drop dead." A gruff voice said, and they turned to see Hopper standing there. El smiled and he walked in. "El, you look… God, you look beautiful."

"Thanks, dad." She held her arms out to him and he leaned down to hug her.

"Awe, he's crying." Max whispered to Nancy, who giggled and sniffed and pulled away.

"Well, everyone's been seated and they're waiting on you." El nodded, swallowing, and sat down to put her shoes on. She'd put her jewelry on before hand.

"The flowers are downstairs waiting for you girls." Hopper told Nancy and Max as they left to reunite with their significant other. "So is yours." He told El. She nodded.

"I'm gonna go on down and give you two a minute, okay?" Joyce told them, kissing their cheeks and leaving.

"I'm so proud of you, Ellie." He told her as she stood up and walked over to him. "I can't believe you're getting married today. *And* you have a baby on the way." She smiled, nodding.

"I can't believe it either. We've come a long way, huh?" He grinned down at her and nodded.

Before Richie joined Mike at the altar- Max walked by herself first and then the two walk together after- he pulled Eddie aside and kissed him.

"What was that for?" Eddie asked.

"You look amazing, babe." He told him, his hands sliding down Eddie's arms until he got to his hands.

"You look amazing too, Chee."

As Hopper and El headed down the stairs to get in line, Mike stood nervously at the altar, just as Jonathan had said. He'd seated his mom and Joyce, who looked *amazing*.

Karen's dress was a dark grey with a purple tint to it, ankle length. The sleeves were off the shoulder, and the silhouette of the dress fit closely to the body until the mid-hip and then widens gradually to the hem. She had a matching jacket that went to the wrists, lace woven carefully down the arms and over the shoulders, much like the top of her dress. Joyce's dress was a dark purple, floor length dress, fitted at the waist, with a neckline that followed the curve of her collar bone, with a cap sleeve. The silhouette of the dress was sheath, fitted closely to the body with no waist, and the skirt flowed straight to the floor. The neckline was sheer, with a scattered pattern of lace, adorned with a matching jacket that went to her wrists.

Richie- who's hair had been been done by Bev, half of it pulled away from his face- squeezed his shoulder.

"Don't be nervous dude, just a few more minutes."

"Wait until you're up here."

"Actually, I'm El in this situation." Mike looked at him weird. "*I'm* walking down the aisle while Eddie Spaghetti waits for me." Mike chuckled at that.

"You were serious when you said that since he proposed to you, it makes you the bride, huh?" Richie nodded. Before either of them could say anything else, the music began and Max walked out with the widest grin on her face. Will and Holly walked next, then Jonathan and Nancy, Lucas and Bev, and finally Dustin and Elizabeth. Once they were in their places, Nora walked out, the biggest grin on her face as she all but ran down the aisle, throwing flower petals out left and right.

"Uncle Mikey, Aunt Ellie looks like a *princess*!" She told him quickly, as if she couldn't believe it herself. He smiled at her.

"I bet she does." She nodded and skipped over to her grandmas. The wedding march began and Mike took a deep breath, closing his eyes for a few seconds, and when he did, he *literally* stopped breathing for a good thirty seconds. Flowers clutched in one hand, one arm wrapped around Hoppers, her dress flowing behind her, was El. The most beautiful woman he'd *ever* seen. Richie smacked his shoulder as

discreetly as possible.

"Breathe, dude!" He whispered. Mike took another deep breath and wiped his eyes, which had filled with tears without him knowing, quickly.

When El laid eyes on Mike, she picked up her pace, trying to walk just a little faster, but Hopper just chuckled and patted her arm to slow her down. She stared at him until he looked at her, really looked at her, and then she looked at the rest of him. She's seen him in a suit before, but *damn*.

The two finally reached the altar, and Hopper handed El's hand over to Mike's with a kiss on her cheek and a smile at Mike. He joined Karen and Joyce, picking up Nora and wrapping his arms around her to keep her warm. Mike couldn't stop looking at El, his mouth dropped open slightly.

"You'll catch flies." She whispered.

"It's winter." He replied, but immediately after, "You look… Wow. Gorgeous." She smiled shyly at him and gave her flowers to Max so she could hold his other hand.

"Friends, family… we are gathered here today to celebrate the love these two have for each other. I remember how small Mike use to be, he was so short compared to me and now he's taller. I remember this one time when I was sneaking into Nancy's window and he was sneaking out to ride his bike wherever he was going." Everyone laughed at that. "And the first time I met El, here, I was wondering who and why Mike was crying and hugging this girl like she was his lifeline. Honestly, they're eachothers lifelines. You're allowed to be all sappy today, and no, this isn't one of the traditional weddings because I've never done one before, so here it goes- El, you're going first." Mike snickered a little and turned to El.

"Mike." El smiled at him. "When we met, you were one of the first people to show me any kindness. You took me in and took care of me, you have *always* taken care of me. You've taught me so much, including how to love. I remember when you tried to explain *like* to me, and then again, a year later, but about love instead. All the

romance shows, movies, love songs, love stories… none of them compares to the love I have for you, and the love I feel from you. It's hard to believe we met over nine years ago, the time has flown by, but I'm so happy that I got to spend this time with you, and that I'm spending the rest of my life with you. You're all I could ever ask for and more. The love of my life, the father of my child, who, by the way, will *not* stop kicking me." Mike chuckled, sniffing. She reached up and wiped away his tears. "I love you, Mike, forever and always." He smiled at her.

"Mike." Steve looked at him. Mike took a deep breath.

"I… I don't know where to begin." He said simply. "You saved me, so many times. When you were gone I… I didn't know who I was anymore and when you came back? It's like the year you were gone just disappeared, at least for a while. I'll never forget when we first met," He gave her a knowing look and she giggled. "I'll never forget the first time I saw you; I've always thought you were pretty. You're beautiful, gorgeous. You always try to help others, you're patient, kind… a wonderful person all around and I'm so glad to have met you and have you in my life. I can't remember a time where you *weren't* in my life. You're the best thing that's ever happened to me, El, you and our child. I'll love you forever, El, and I can't wait to spend the rest of my life with you." She smiled, sniffing, and he wiped her tears away like she had his.

"Mike, please repeat after me." Steve said. "I, Michael Wheeler..."

"I, Michael Wheeler, take Jane Hopper, to be my wedded wife, to have and to hold, from this day forward, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish, till death do us part." El smiled.

"El, please repeat after me. I, Jane Hopper…"

"I, Jane Hopper, take Michael Wheeler, to be my wedded husband, to have and to hold, from this day forward, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish, till death do us part."

"The rings, please?" Richie and Max handed them their rings.

"Repeat after me…" Steve turned to El.

"I give you this ring as a symbol of my love, my faith in our strength together, and my covenant to learn and grow with you." She slipped the ring onto his finger. Mike repeated the action once he repeated the words.

"Do you, Mike, promise to love El, selflessly and unconditionally from this day forward?"

"I promise." She smiled widely at him.

"Do you, El, promise to love Mike, selflessly and unconditionally from this day forward?"

"I promise."

"With the power invest in me by the whoever of Indiana, I now pronounce you husband and wife! You may now kiss the bri- Oh, you already are."

Mike barely let the words come out of Steve's mouth before he was kissing El, everyone cheering and clapping in the background, but to them, it was just the two of them in that moment, never mind the freezing cold. They only felt each other.

11. Chapter 9

Hope you guys like it!

Emery: Omg that makes me so happy! Your review made my day so thank you! Okay I absolutely love that (I love her too oof that's awesome)

When they *finally* pulled away from each other and payed attention to their surroundings, Mike pulled El into one of the tightest hugs ever, almost picking her up. She giggled and hugged him back.

"I love you." He whispered.

"I love you too."

"I can't believe our Paladin is married! To our Mage of all people!" Dustin shrieked at the top of his lungs, eager to run and hug them but he knew Nancy would murder him if he stepped out of his spot. The two laughed and released each other.

"Well, ready to get attacked with hugs from everyone?" Mike asked her. She nodded and turned and took her flowers back from Max, who had tears in her eyes. El gave her a look and Max glared back at her, causing El to laugh and turn back towards Mike. Richie smacked Mike on the shoulder and grinned at him, all teeth and red cheeks from the cold. Mike grinned back at him. Mike held an arm out to El and she hooked hers around his, and they made their way back down the aisle as husband and wife.

Mike was just a little bit wrong when it came to having pictures taken- there were a *shit ton* of them. After almost *everyone* hugged them and congratulated them, they started with the pictures. Jonathan had brought one of his photography buddies who helped him take pictures of everyone, just pictures of Mike and El, some of just El for the portrait Karen is having made for her, the whole family- where as soon as those pictures were taken, the grandparents and aunts and uncles left to the reception where the rest of the guests were. El got a few pictures with Kali- as well as Becky, which she was

very happy about, and majority of the pictures were of her, Mike and the wedding party.

"I have a surprise for you two, so you can just stay in the kitchen and make out or something, Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler." Richie told them when they finally went back in the house. The two rolled their eyes but grinned at him and did exactly what he said.

"We're all gonna go ahead and leave and have everything prepared for when you get here!" Nancy called. They nodded and soon, it was just the newly weds, Richie and Eddie, who were in the other room.

"I can't believe we're married." El said softly, looking up at him. He put his hands on her waist and pulled her closer to him.

"I can't either. I'm so, so happy, though." The smile on his face told her everything she needed to know.
"Me too." She leaned forward and pressed her lips to his. He kissed back and she tangled her fingers in his hair.

"Limo's here- Oh shit, come on, man!" Richie squeaked. They pulled away and looked at him completely deadpan.

"Wait until you get married." Mike said. "I'm gonna interrupt you every damn time." Richie giggled and shrugged.

"Wait… did you say limo?" El asked. "What limo?"

"Oh, I rented you guys a limo!" He said excitedly.

"Richie." Mike said, raising an eyebrow.

"What? It's not as expensive as you might think. And I know it's a short ride to the community center but I thought you two deserve a limo to drive you to your wedding reception." He shrugged innocently. "Besides, Eds and I will be too drunk to drive home tonight- that's why I'm letting Ayla drive my car later. We're riding back home in it." Mike laughed at that and nodded.

"Okay, Rich."

"We'll see you there, drivers waiting!" He ran outside quickly, slipping

and sliding before getting in his car and driving off. They could just imagine how hard he was laughing at himself. Mike looked at El and she smiled up at him, kissing him on the cheek.

"Let's go, *husband*." She gave him a grin and he grinned back.

"Of course, *wife*." He made a face. "That doesn't work as well, but anyways." She giggled and the two made their way outside, locking the door quickly, and got in the back of the limo. The driver greeted and congratulated them, but didn't really talk much. Mike and El didn't either, they were too busy making out, but nobody had to know.

The festivities had already begun, the guests were mingling and eating, dancing to the music Jonathan had set up. After their first dance, the father/daughter dance and mother/son dance, *Trashmouth* would be performing a few songs before letting Jonathan take over again.

"The newly weds have arrived!" Max yelled into a microphone. "Nancy! Meet them at the door!" Nancy rolled her eyes with a smile but did, raising an eyebrow at the two when they walked in, slightly disheveled.

"What?" Mike raised an eyebrow back.

"You have lipstick all. Over. Your. Face." She said, tilting her head to the side. "Not obvious at all." El grinned cheekily and Mike turned to a mirror in the hall, wiping furiously at his mouth with a tissue he got out of the box on the table, his cheeks red. "When the music starts, the doors will open so you can head on in." Nancy smiled at them fondly, and rushed back in.

"Everything has to be perfect for her." Mike sighed. "It's perfect as long as you're with me."

"You cheesy ass." El smiled up at him.

"You love me."

"That I do." He grinned cheekily and walked towards her. *Every Breath You Take* started and the doors opened. They looked at each

other and he held out a hand.

"Do you want to dance?" Those five words alone brought back so many memories, for both of them, so she decided to play along.

"I don't know how."

"Neither do I." He gave her a half smile. "Wanna figure it out?" She nodded and took his hand, and they walked through the doors. On either side of them was their friends and family, cheering and throwing something in the air above them. Snowflakes.

"Please welcome Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler!" Steve exclaimed into the microphone. Everyone clapped once again as the two giggled and walked to the middle of the dance floor. Mike put his hands on her waist and she put hers around his neck, and they swayed to the music.

"Do you know… How nervous I was, walking in the gym that night?" She asked him. He shook his head. "It wasn't just because of all the people. I was worried you wouldn't like my hair or my dress. For the longest time I thought you'd rather me have blonde hair."

"I was terrified that Hop wouldn't let you come. You didn't have to be worried, El." He smiled, kissing her on the forehead. "God, if your head was shaved again I wouldn't care. You're the most beautiful woman, El." She blushed. "You could have *any* hairstyle and I'd love it."

"Even a mullet like Billy's?" She asked.

"Shh, we don't talk about him." He grimaced. "Okay, that's one hairstyle but you'd be beautiful either way." She laughed, shaking her head fondly at him. She played with the hair at the nape of his neck and kissed him lightly.

The song came to an end, and Mike handed her back over to Hopper, who clapped him on the back with a grin. They danced to *Forever Young* by Rod Stewart.

"I can't believe you're married to Wheeler now." He said, chuckling. "It feels like just yesterday he was trying to beat my ass." El giggled.

"He could easily do it now."

"Because I'm getting old." He grinned.

"Nah, it's because you're old *and* he's stronger than he was back then."

"True, kid's got huge compared to what he used to be. Still a bean pole though." She snorted.

"He's not a kid anymore, dad." Hopper sighed glancing at where Mike stood with his family.

"I know. And neither are you. Look at you, married, a baby on the way." She smiled sadly. "Time has flown by since we found each other that night."

"Yeah, it has. I wouldn't change it for anything, though. I'll always be your little girl. You saved me."

"I thought that was Mike." He raised an eyebrow at her and she rolled her eyes.

"He saved me that first night, yes." She nodded. "He took me in, took care of me for a week, but he couldn't have done that on and on without his parents finding out, even if I… if I hadn't left like I did. You took me in too, you fed me, taught me, treated me like a daughter until I felt like I was yours. If it wasn't for you, I probably would've froze or starved to death." She looked up at him and saw the tears in his eyes.

"Jeez, kid, way to make your old man cry." She chuckled. "You saved me too, though, you know. I was in a bad place back then, and you brought me out of it." She smiled and stood on her toes and kissed his cheek, before resting hers on his chest.

"I love you, dad."

"I love you too, Ellie." The song ended and on their way off the dance floor, they passed Mike and Karen, arm and arm, and she pecked him on the lips. He grinned at her and she grinned back. The song they were dancing to is *Have I Told You Lately.* Mike placed one hand on her waist and she put one of hers on his shoulder and they held

hands close to them, swaying to the music.

"Nothing's gonna change, mom." He told her softly.

"I know." She sniffed. "I know I haven't always been the best mom to you guys, and I still feel terrible for not telling you about Richie, but I'm so proud of you, Mike, all of you. I can't can't believe you're married and have a baby on the way. You're not my little boy anymore."

"Mom…" He hugged her tighter to him. "You're the best mom I could ever ask for. Yeah, I might be married and have a baby on the way but I'm still your little boy. One of 'em, at least." He gave her a look and she chuckled, wiping under her eyes.

"God, when did you get so grown up?"

"It's been a while." He grinned cheekily at her. She smacked his arm and laughed.

"Smart ass."

When their dance was over, everyone sat down and Hopper stood on the small stage after being forced by Max and Richie, who stood on either side of him, grinning.

"I can't believe you people forced me to do this." He sighed.

"You wanted to give a speech!" Mike called.

"I didn't ask you, Wheeler!"

"Rude!" El called back, giggling. Hopper rolled his eyes.

"Anyways, I love these two kids. At this point, you could call them soulmates. Mike, do you remember when I use to threaten you and pretend I didn't like you?" Mike grinned and nodded.

"Yes sir I do."

"Well, that was all fake. I mean, I did hate you just a little bit but when- or IF- you have a daughter, you'll understand. I remember

when you were like this tall, and you tried to beat me up because you were pissed at me, which is understandable. Truth be told I had a bruise or two the next day." Mike laughed. "I knew you loved her then, even though you only knew her for a short amount of time, and she loved you, even though she didn't know what that feeling was. Um, I don't want to make this super long because Maxine and Ricky might kill me if I don't hurry it up so they can talk. Anyways, I'm proud of the both of you, and glad to finally be able to call you son." Mike and El smiled and clapped with everyone as Hopper sat down, almost bashfully. Richie and Max looked at each other for a few seconds, as if waiting for the other to grab the microphone.

"Ladies first." He said.

"Then go." She grinned a shit eating grin and he cackled.

"That was a good one, here." He took it off the stand and handed it to her.

"If you insist. Mikey boy, your brother here is nicer to me than you ever were when we first met." Mike flipped her off. "El, who is my absolute best friend, didn't like me to start with because she thought Mike and I were a thing, which has never been the case. It never would have been, in any way, shape or form, or any other universe. No offense, I love you like a brother." He rolled his eyes and held up a heart with his fingers, and she did it back. "When El and I started talking more, she apologized for being a, uh, yeah… Anyways, we became best friends after that, and I swear, almost every sentence I've heard come out of her mouth since then has had his name in it. Mike this, Mike that, I love Mike, I want to have Mike's babies-"

"I never said that!" El blushed and Mike cackled.

"You were thinking it, apparently! You're having his baby!" El glared at her. "Love you, Ellie. But in all honesty, I'm happy for you two, and I wish you all the best! Peace out, I'm gonna get drunk." El shook her head at her as Max literally skipped off the stage and over to where Lucas was by the bar. Richie grinned as he held the microphone up to his lips.

"You think I'm gonna make a bunch of dirty jokes, don't ya, little

brother?" Richie said, a shit eating grin on his face. "Well, he is a loyal, caring, sincere, honest, and a great man. But enough about me!" Everyone laughed at that. "Honestly though, Mike is a great guy and I'm glad El has a guy like him. I've been forced to promise to not speak of any awkward moments or embarrassing stories, but frankly, I don't know of any that aren't caused by me. You guys might wanna head to Wal-mart and buy a pillow because this is gonna be a long one." Mike snorted. "I think that as best man, and brother, I'm obligated to embarrass my brother at least once, and I think I'm doing a good job already." He winked. "Really, I'm happy for you two, I think you're perfect for each other. El, I have a question for you?" El raised an eyebrow.

"Yes?"

"Why shouldn't you write with a broken pencil?"

"Uh…" She thought for a couple seconds and shrugged. "I don't know, what?"

"Because it's pointless, which is what my life would be without you guys." He grinned a cheeky grin as people awed. "And I mean all of you, the Losers, the Party, my family… I never really *had* a family until I came here, and I'm glad Billiam asked us to come on that trip with him, because if I hadn't, who knows what would've happened?"

"Mike loves El like I love Eddie, which is a lot. Looking good over there, baby, save me a drink!" He pointed towards Eddie who flipped him off but then made a heart with his fingers. "I'm glad to have both of you in my life, and the song I'm about to sing isn't really a wedding song but it's a song that El and Mike both like, apparently, so this is my wedding gift to you! Not really, it was the limo and I have something else. Love you!" He gave them finger guns and sat at the piano as Malcolm, Ayla and Jack got in position. "You guys can all like get up and dance now if you want." He said, grinning. And that's what they did. The younger couples did, at least. Richie sang a great version of Bon Jovi's *Bed of Roses* as his friends and family danced, his other family members pretty shocked at his talent.

The rest of the night consisted of *Trashmouth* playing a few songs, and after, everyone ate and danced to the music Jonathan played.

Mike decided a while back that he wasn't gonna drink, so he could drive El out to the cabin, where they were spending the rest of the weekend, having decided they would wait until after the baby was born to go on a honeymoon. Richie wasn't wrong about getting drunk, he and Eddie both did, and it was the funniest thing. Before he was drunk, though, Richie made it his mission to dance with his mom, both sisters, Nora, Bev- of *course*- El, all the Losers, the Party members, his grandma, Ayla, and finally Mike. He was halfway to hell when he and Mike danced, which was more hugging and crying than anything else in the middle of the dance floor. Africa was playing and Richie was happy crying, telling him how much he loved him and that he was glad they found each other. Miek thought it was hilarious, but shed a tear or two as they hugged/danced. When the newly weds finally cut the cake, Mike didn't mash any in her face, but he wasn't so lucky. He got a face full of cake, which had everyone laughing. Before she had a chance to run away, he kissed her, which made her very happy and Nancy angry as she had to fix her makeup.

All in all, it everyone had a great time, and they'd never forget it. Every time they'd find each other in the crowd, Mike and El would hug and kiss and whisper I love you to each other before being pulled in different directions. Towards the end, Steve was trying to embarass Mike, whereas he turned it back on him by stating,

"You do know that all our kids are gonna call you Grandma Steve, right?"

12. Chapter 10

Sorry this has taken so long to be posted! I've had over half of it done for a few weeks now, but stuff came up and there's been a lot of drama and shit going on with family.

Monday, November 30, 1992

"Do you think El would be mad if we had our wedding like a month after she has the baby?" Eddie asked, looking at Richie, who had a mouthful of carrot (unwillingly). He shrugged and finished the mouthful with a grimace.

"That shit is gross."

"That *shit* is good for you."

"I don't see you eating them." Richie retorted.

"Because I don't like them."

"Eddie!" Richie chuckled, unable to stop the smile spreading across his face at the expression on Eddie's. He was too cute. "I don't think she'd be mad, though. She'd probably be mad if we had the wedding *while* she was pregnant."

"True. I'll ask her later." Richie nodded and threw a baby carrot at the trash can, just barely missing.

"Oh come on!" He whined. Eddie snorted.

"That's what happens when you don't eat your carrots." He said, pointing at him. Richie pouted and Eddie smiled, pecking him on the lips before grabbing another wedding magazine. "How does late April sound?" He asked. Richie nodded.

"Sooner the better." Eddie grinned at him.

"The twenty seventh?"

"What day is that on?"

"Saturday."

"How do you know?"

"Nancy had a calendar for next year made to give me."

"Why?"

"Since we wanted the wedding next year, it'd be easier to choose a date if we had a calendar. That's what she said." Richie snorted.

"When is Nancy even getting here?"

"She's your sister. I don't know."

"What about Bev and Max? And why isn't El coming?"

"You're full of questions today, huh, Chee?" Richie shrugged.

"This is serious business, Eds, I need to know this stuff."

"You'll know it within the hour." Eddie shook his head fondly. "And Mike and El have a doctor's appointment like," He looked at his watch, "right now, so when they're done they'll head over here."

"Oh. Okay. Damn, had a doctor's appointment like two days after their wedding." He snorted and Eddie shrugged. "I'm sorry, I'm just excited."

"I know," Eddie chuckled, "I am too, believe me, my inner self is freaking the fuck out."

"My fourteen year old self would be screaming right about now to be honest." Eddie snorted at that. Before he could reply, there was a knock on the door. Richie stood up and sprinted to the door, opening it with a grin. He giggling Mike and an annoyed El were standing there.

"I have questions." Richie made a face. El sighed, pouting and walking by him into the living room.

"She thought the appointment was today, but it's next Monday." Mike said. "She's been pouting since we got in the car." Richie snorted.

"Sounds like me." Mike snorted and gave Richie a pat on the back before joining Eddie in the living room. Richie stayed at the door because Bev and Max were just driving up.

"BEST WOMAN!" Richie shrieked when she got out the car.

"BRIDE-GROOM TO BE!" She shrieked back.

"He… is so loud." Mike muttered. Eddie snorted.

"You'll get used to it… in about, hmm, how long have we known each other? Fifteen years now? Give it about that much time and you'll get used to it." Mike's eyes nearly bugged out of his head and El let out a wheezy laugh, covering her mouth with her hand.

"The fuck kinda laugh was that, Mrs. Wheeler?" Max asked, raising an eyebrow. El grinned and waved at her.

"Speaking of Wheeler's," Bev said, plopping down next to Eddie, "Where's Karen and Holly?

"Uh, not here."

"No shit."

"I think they went Christmas shopping or some shit." Richie shrugged.

"Already?" Bev made a face.

"Bev, our mother has always done Christmas shopping unnecessarily early, you should know this by now." Mike said. She stuck her tongue out at him and he shrugged.

"Speaking of that, we need to go sometime this weekend, Mike." El told him, patting his leg. Bev looked at him and he sighed.

"We go early too." He muttered.

"Well, I, for starters, go last minute every year." Richie said, grinning.

"Mom's gonna break that habit." Mike said. Richie raised an eyebrow.

"I used to do it." El said, "Max used to do it, Dustin, now all of us go pretty early. She thinks it's somehow *unhealthy* if we don't buy Christmas gifts earlier than everyone else in the world." She shrugged.

"How is it unhealthy?" Richie made a face and she shrugged, rubbing her belly. He plopped down on the other side of Eddie and put an arm around him- Eddie automatically leaned into it, despite not paying him any attention whatsoever- and asked,

"So, I know that you didn't have the appointment today, but how's lil one doing?"

"Good! Kicking the shit out of me, but everything's going pretty well, I think."

"Yeah, her morning sickness is *finally* over with," Mike nudged her lightly, and patted her belly.

"And I bet that *you* are just glad it's over, huh?" She gave him a look and he nodded, grinning.

"It's not everyday you get puked on by your wife."

"Almost everyday, though." She winked at him and he made a face.

"Is that you guys kink or something?" Richie asked, and Bev reached over and smacked the shit out of him.

"It can be whatever you want it to be, Rich." El deadpanned and he giggled.

"So, are we gonna get this show on the road, or what?" Richie asked.

"No, we've gotta wait on Nancy or she'll kill us. Or me, for getting started without her." Bev told him. He groaned.

"I wish she'd hurry, he's been asking why every five fucking minutes and asking questions." Eddie said, flipping the page in his magazine.

"I'm *excited*, Spaghetti! I just can't wait to marry you!" He sang, pecking him on the cheek. Eddie held back a smile and patted his knee.

"We'll get there, just calm down a little bit."

Ten minutes later, Nancy finally arrived, with Nora in tow.

"Nori!" Richie exclaimed as the three year old ran to him.

"Hey, Uncle Chee Chee!" She crawled in his lap and bounced a little.

"Wow, I guess Uncle Mikey is invisible." Mike pouted. She giggled and jumped off Richie and went to him. He pretended to be sad until she sat with him and he hugged her, tickling her. She laughed hysterically and El couldn't help but smile at it. He stopped tickling her but let her squeeze herself between him and El, whereas she put her head on El's belly.

"She's so freaking cute." Richie sighed. "I can't wait til we have kids."

"Tell me when." Bev said, and Eddie's head snapped up.

"What?"

"I didn't tell you?" Bev asked, confused. Eddie made a face and shook his head. "I've told Rich here, numerous times, that if you wanted to use a surrogate I would gladly do it."

"You'd give birth to Richie's child?" Eddie asked, bewildered. Richie made an affronted noise.

"Rude!" He exclaimed. Everyone laughed.

"I'm kidding, Chee. But jeez, just imagine Richie and Bev's child? They'd never shut up." Bev smacked him lightly and he giggled. "Kidding, kidding, that would be awesome, though, but not any time soon." He looked at Richie pointedly, and he held his hands up.

"At least until after we're married, *and* you've at least started med school."

"And?"

"Bought a house, I know, I know, Eds." Richie chuckled. "Once again, I'm *excited.*"

After an hour of wedding planning, Mike gave up and decided to take Nora upstairs for a nap- where he actually fell asleep without meaning to- and Richie was internally freaking out with how many flowers and colors were being thrown around. He knew wedding planning was a bitch- thanks to El giving them a heads up on how serious Nancy would be- but damn, he wasn't prepared for it. Didn't make him any less excited though, that's for sure.

Another hour later, Eddie remembered to ask El the question from earlier.

"No, I wouldn't be mad." She waved him off. "If I was nine months pregnant I wouldn't be mad, not exactly happy, but not mad."

"Awesome, that's what I was worried about." He sighed in relief. She chuckled.

"If you have a girl you should name her Rachel." Richie said randomly. El made a face and snorted.

"What the fuck, Richie." Max muttered.

"Why Rachel?"

"Because it's kinda the female version of Richie." He shrugged.

"Why not Richie if it's a boy?" Nancy asked with a raised eyebrow.

"I like Rachel better."

"Are you trying to tell us something, Chee?" Eddie asked, raising an eyebrow at him. Richie cackled and shook his head.

"No, I Just like it." He shrugged.

"We'll see." El chuckled.

Here's a little secret: They don't name any of their children that- not because they don't like it, but because it just didn't click for them- nor does Richie remember mentioning the name.

"Like with their wedding, I'll worry about decorations and such, you two just give me an idea of what you want, like if you want an outside wedding or inside somewhere, stuff like that. I'll worry about caterers and stuff too. As a matter of fact, just let me know when you want to meet again and we'll talk some more." Nancy told them as she picked up some of Nora's toys *another* hour later. Mike was putting Nora in the car as she talked to Richie and Eddie, El was dozing on the couch, and Bev and Max had left a few minutes ago.

"We gotcha, Nance." Richie chuckled.

"Okay, sorry, I'm excited I get to plan my other little brother's wedding, okay?"

"I know." He grinned. "I'm glad you get to plan it too." She smiled at him and kissed he and Eddie's cheeks before leaving with a wave and Nora screaming goodbye out the backseat window.

"Jesus, I need some of her energy." Mike said, sitting on the couch at El's feet. She nudged him with one, looking at him through hooded eyes.

"If you ever *slept* you probably would have energy."

"What's sleep?"

"Oh you know," Richie stretched out on the other couch- Eddie sitting between his legs and leaning against him, "sleep is this thing you kind of need to do to survive? I made that mistake- not sleeping literally ever- junior year and kind of… passed out in the hallway from being so sleep deprived."

"That really doesn't surprise me." Mike snorted and Richie flipped him off. "So, what's this I hear about you two buying a house?"

"Huh?" Richie made a face.

"When we were talking about having kids, babe." Eddie said, looking

up at him.

"Oh! Yeah, why, you want us to leave?" Richie accused playfully. Mike snorted.

"No, I'm just curious."

"No, he wants you to live on our street." EL corrected. "There's an older couple that moved out of one of the big ass houses because they couldn't really take care of it anymore. You two would probably like it." Mike stuck his tongue out at her but shrugged shyly.

"It'd be cool."

"Awe, you love us." Richie made kissy noises.

"Debatable."

"When did they move out?" Eddie asked.

"It's been a couple weeks ago." Mike told him.

"I think they have an open house sometime this week, I can find out if you want me too."

"Please! That'd be nice." Eddie said, then pinched Richie, who let out a girlish squeak.

"Yeah, thanks man." He said, tugging on Eddie's ear. Eddie glared at him.

"Quit it." He slapped at Richie's hand and he snorted.

Thursday, December 3, 1992

"IT'S CHRISTMAS TIME BITCHES!" Richie yelled at the top of his lungs, strutting into Bev's house. They were meeting again for wedding planning and had decided to go to her house this time. She laughed loudly as he and Eddie walked into the living room.

"Ooh, you're decorating!" Eddie gasped, grinning. He bounced a little.

"Oh yeah, you loved decorating for Christmas, didn't you?" Bev said. She motioned for him to come help sort through the ornaments and Richie stretched out on the couch.

"You don't wanna help, Chee?" Eddie asked.

"Last I checked, I wasn't allowed around glass balls, which is probably a good thing."

"What about glass balls?" Elizabeth asked, joining them in the living room.

"I've dropped like, a hundred glass ornaments in my short twenty one years of life, and I don't feel like cleaning up my own messes." He replied matter of factly. She snorted.

"It's only because you're lazy." Eddie replied, throwing a ball of lights at Richie. "Untangle these please and thank you." Richie grumbled a little but sat up and started untangling them. That was something he was good at, untangling stuff, and nobody knew why.

Not long after, Nancy, El and Max arrived, and this time, Nora wasn't with them- she was with her grandpa at the station. El looked slightly miserable, her hair was up in the messiest bun possible and she didn't have a bit of makeup on. She immediately sat on the couch with Richie and put her feet in his lap.

"Hello." He said, nodding towards her, without looking at her.

"Hey." She mumbled. He glanced at her, and did a double take.

"Dude, are you okay?" He asked. Eddie looked back and put the garland he'd been looking at down and walking over.

"I'm okay." She told them. "My back is just killing me so I don't feel worth a shit right now."

"You didn't have to come, you could've stayed home." Eddie told her.

"I know, I just… Mike's working late tonight and I didn't want to be alone." She shrugged. "And I wanted to watch you guys decorate and stuff."

"You like to watch and not do it too?" Richie asked, grinning at her. She chuckled a little and nodded.

"That's exactly that. Mike's more… willing to decorate than I am, at least right now. Any other time I'd be fine with it, but my back is annoying me."

"Understandable." He nodded. He rolled the string of lights up neatly and put them on the table before turning to her. "Move so you're kind of laying in my lap." He told her. She made a face.

"Why?"

"I'ma give you a back massage since Mike isn't here to do it right now."

"Ooh." She did what he said and majority of her upper body was in his lap, and he started massaging. "Jesus." She giggled a little as he moved the balls of his hands up and down her back. "I guess playing the guitar so much has given you *magic fingers*." Eddie snorted.

"This isn't the only thing my fingers are magical with." Richie said, snickering.

"Richie, I'm in the best possible posting to elbow you in the balls, so I'd watch it." El joked, but he could hear the tiniest bit of seriousness in her voice.

"Yes *ma'am*."

13. Chapter 11

Oof sorry this is taking so long to update, I've been working on a couple other things XD. Also, sorry this is short, I just wanted to get it out already. Next chapter will be longer, though! We have two important things to cover :D

Friday, December 11, 1992

"Can we trust the two most clumsiest people in our group, Michael Tozier and Richard Wheeler, to paint this bedroom without-" Dustin stopped himself, laughing at the face El made.

"If Mike is Michael Tozier, that makes *me* El Tozier." El said, cringing a little from her spot in the doorway.

"Hey!" Richie exclaimed. "I'll have you know that's a cool name! Wheeler was stolen from an eighteen wheeler."

"And Tozier was stolen from toes so what're ya gonna do?" Mike retorted, throwing a paint brush at him. Richie flipped him off. "You know, I've been thinking about that a little."

"About what?" Will asked, glancing at him as he dipped his paint roller in the tray.

"Okay, this isn't exactly what you guys are talking about but it reminded me. Richie was adopted, correct?"

"One hundred percent." Richie quipped.

"What if dad didn't really… *want* to give you up for adoption? What if he had to?"

"I'm not exactly picking up what you're putting down, Mikey boy." Mike rolled his eyes and El laughed.

"You guys, the seven of you, were supposed to be in the same place at the same time, like you were *meant* to be there. Only you guys could take IT down."

"Yes…?" Richie looked at him.

"Maybe something was telling dad- like the turtle thing- that you had to be given up for adoption. Maybe *that* was meant to be." Richie's eyes widened a little and he looked at the wall for a second, before looking back at Mike.

"Since when did you get so smart? Fucking brilliant."

"I was valedictorian, Richie." Mike said, snorting.

"Uh uh!" He dropped his paint brush. Mike made a face and nodded. "So was I!"

"Really?"

"Oh, don't sound so surprised, jackass." Richie grumbled.

"Dude, I know you're smart. You're a fucking math whiz."

"I'm a everything whiz." Richie corrected and Mike laughed.

"Richie yelled fuck you and threw up both middle fingers at the end of his speech." Eddie said, appearing almost out of thin air.

"Mike's was pretty similar, actually." Dustin said, wiping some paint on his shirt. "Just more…"
"Polite." Will finished for him.

"Mike took all the niceness from me." Richie said matter of factly.

"Says the guy who sang Eddie a song in front of the entire student body and then asked him to prom." Bev said, popping her head in the doorway.

"How did you know that?" Richie shrieked.

"You forget that my boyfriend is your fiance's best friend and he tells me *everything*, Rich. Just like last winter you went on and on and on about how you wanted to marry Eddie but it wasn't legal. He told me." Richie's face turned red and Eddie just grinned.

"Mike had been saving up for El's ring since we were juniors." Dustin said.

"You say that like I'm gonna be embarrassed." Mike retorted. "She's my *wife* now, and were having a baby." Mike stuck his tongue out at him.

"Seems to me like she already has one." Bev snickered when Mike flipped him off.

"We're gonna go make food, so yell if you need anything." El kissed Mike on the cheek as Bev left the room. Eddie kissed Richie on the lips, winking at him before following El.

"April can't come fast enough." He sighed, picking up the paint brush. Mike snorted.

"Just you wait." He told him. "You'll almost shit your pants waiting."

"I'll gladly shit myself if that means I get to marry him."

"What the fuck, Richard?" Dustin said, making a face.

"It's true, dude." Richie shrugged.

"I have a question." Will said. The other three men looked at him. "Why are there four grown men in this tiny room, painting?"

"Well, two of us are literally meant to be here, and I of course asked Richie to help, and I don't know why Dustin's here- not that I want him to leave- he just came over for no reason."

"We'll get done quicker." Dustin explained. "Four guys- four walls. We each have a wall. The faster we're done the faster we can get sustenance."

"Dammit, Dustin, I knew you were here just for food."

It didn't take long at all, just as Dustin said, and they were done just as El and Eddie finished making lunch.

"Ah man, it's healthy food!" Dustin whined.

"I'm not eating anymore fuckin' carrots, Edward." Richie said, giving Eddie a pointed look. He snickered.

"I didn't say you had to." He replied, shrugging.

"Why do you keep force-feeding Richie carrots, Eddie?" Bev asked, raising an eyebrow at the two.

"He's out to get me." Richie stage whispered. "He made me eat them like two weeks ago even though he knew I didn't like them- he doesn't like them either and didn't eat them, but made me." He pouted.

"You're such a baby, Chee." Eddie said, rolling his eyes.
"Says the guy that looks like one." Richie retorted. Eddie glared at him and threw a carrot at him. Richie shrieked and laughed, falling off the stool. Eddie just kept throwing the baby carrots at him as he laughed, laughing along with him.

"What the fuck." El said, making a face.

"You'll get used to it eventually." Bev told her.

"Speaking of babies, how's the room going?" El asked. Mike stood next to her, leaning against the counter, and said,

"Well, we've got the first coat of paint on the wall."

"Much quicker than I expected." She said, nodding. He snorted.

"Like Dustin said, there's four people and four walls." Will said, grinning. "It's faster."

"Still expected it to take longer." She shrugged. "Considering Richie and Dustin were in the same room together. We all remember the mud fight from mid August, correct?" Everyone agreed as Dustin and Richie snickered. "I'll beat your asses if you get paint all over my floor." She gave them a pointed look.

"Ma'am, yes ma'am!" Dustin saluted.

"But it's sir, yes sir." Richie said. "That doesn't sound as cool."

"But does El look like a *sir* to you?" Dustin retorted. Richie actually glanced at El before replying,

"Good point."

"Ooh how'd the doctor go Monday?" Bev asked.

"Oh, don't get me started on that day." El groaned, burying her face in Mike's arm. He chuckled, wrapping an arm around her.

"Everything's fine with the baby, don't worry." He told them. "We've had to change doctors."

"Why's that?" Eddie asked. "I thought you liked this one? Didn't she delivery Nora?" Mike nodded.

"So uh, do you guys remember that time El broke her nose?" He asked Will, Dustin and Bev, who nodded. "She didn't exactly… deal with the pain very well. The doctor had to set it and when she did, she may have… made a few light bulbs explode."

"I short circuited a lot of shit, Mike, don't sugarcoat it." She grumbled. He snorted. "Dad mentioned that on Sunday, and me and Mike talked about it and decided we would go talk to Dr. Owens about it, because who knows what would happen while I'm in labor. I'd probably take the whole damn hospital down." Richie snorted. "Shush." She made his glasses fall down his nose with a flick of her head.

"Apparently, Hopper had been talking to Owens about it and had already made plans- behind our backs- to change doctors." Mike shook his head. "So now one of Owens people is El's doctor now."

"One of his people?" Will asked.

"She uh, apparently, she helped deliver me?" El said, looking up and shrugging. "You guys know the story behind *that*." They nodded. "She had just been a doctor called in to help, didn't know what was happening, but Owens tracked her down a couple years ago for whatever reason and now we're here." She shrugged again.

"That's… pretty cool if you ask me." Richie said. El nodded.

"I wasn't lying when I told Dr. Mendes that the one I was changing to delivered me. The only time I lie is when I lie to Mike about his birthday." Everyone laughed at the face Mike made. He pouted.

"You're mean." He grumbled.

"And you're cute." She patted his cheek and went over to the fridge to get some water.

"What do you two wanna do for your birthday?" Dustin asked, looking at Mike and Richie, who looked at each other. Neither said anything, their eyes just widened slightly.

"It's their first birthday together since birth." Bev whispered dramatically. "Why did I just realize this." El snorted.

"Looks like they just realized it too."

"Ooh, I know what the best birthday present could be." Eddie said, grinning. The two snapped out of it and looked at him.

"What?" They asked in unison.

"The only reason I'm saying it is 'cause it could be possible. What if the baby is born on your birthday." El made a face.

"I mean, that could be possible, but I'd rather it be before or after." She said.

"Understandable." Eddie nodded in agreement. "But you have to admit it'd be adorable."

"It would be." She grinned.

"Wait when's your due date?" Richie asked, tilting his head slightly.

"March 19th." She told him.

"Yeah it's definitely possible then. Jesus Christ, we're getting old, Mike."

"We'll be turning twenty-two, Rich, you act like we're old men."

"Might as well be."

"He sure act like an old man. Back aches, grunting and groaning, bones cracking when he stands up, complains about politics, the list goes on and on."

"Shhh." Richie put a finger to his lips as he shushed Eddie, who snorted and shook his head.

"Richie complains about politics?" Bev asked, surprised. "Who woulda thunk it."

14. Chapter 12

Sorry for the big time skip! I was gonna write a full Christmas and New Years chapter but decided to basically just summarize it (a lot).

Sorry there wasn't much written for their birthday XD. There wasn't much written for it at all but honestly this story is just mainly snippets of their lives after, it's not like any of my other stories lmao. Next chapter we get to FINALLY meet the newest little Wheeler.

For those who read Phenomenal Mutiny- I'm slowly but surely working on the next chapter XD

Saturday, February 20, 1993

Their first Christmas all together was *also* one for the books. Karen had made Richie and Eddie their own Christmas sweaters, just like she'd done for the rest of the family, and Eddie almost cried. Richie *did* and hugged her for a long time. Eddie hugged her longer, though. After New Years, they moved into their new house- their *first* and *only* house together, as a matter of fact, and the two couldn't have been any happier- well they would be soon enough.

El had been twenty-six weeks pregnant (about five months and three weeks) on Christmas day, and Nancy and Karen were sure to get many pictures of her in front of the Christmas tree- some by herself, but most with a slightly annoyed Mike. One picture hadn't been staged, El was leaning against Mike in front of the fireplace, looking up at him as he looked back down at her, his hands on her belly, hers covering his, just smiling and talking to each other. That picture would be one on the walls of everyone's houses for years, just because of the pure love in their eyes and their smiles made everyone happy.

Actually, in only a few years, pictures of each other would be put up on the walls in everyone's houses- whether it be on wedding days, pictures of/with their kids or just random pictures. They all loved

each other- they're a family now.

Today, El is having her baby shower- planned by Nancy, Bev and Karen, of course. She's thirty-three weeks pregnant now (about seven months and a week) and waddled instead of walked, which she made sure to complain to Mike about constantly.

"I look like a penguin, Mike." She grumbled as she sat in one of the chairs in the kitchen.

"A cute penguin." He offered, grinning. She huffed and glared at him. "There's nothing wrong with walking like that-"

"Waddling." She interrupted. He chuckled, raising his hands slightly, looking in the living room as Richie, Jonathan, Hopper and Nancy put up decorations.

"It's normal for every woman that's pregnant, you know this."

"I know, doesn't mean I have to like it." She pouted. He chuckled, leaning down and kissing her gently. She grunted, rubbing her belly.

"You okay?" He asked, eyebrows furrowed. He crouched next to her and she waved him off.

"Fine, baby is just kicking the hell out of me. They'll probably be a track star like their dad." She gave him a pointed look and he laughed.

"I wouldn't say I was a *star*."

"Mike, you won like every race you were in. Maybe second in like five of them, third in like two." Bev said, arriving with two giant gift bags.

"You always get here right on time to butt in, don't you?" He asked, raising an eyebrow.

"It's a gift."

"Don't worry, Mike, she walks into our house at least twice a day, during the worst possible conversations." Eddie said, giving Bev a

look. "I regret letting Richie give her a key." Mike snorted.

"You guys love me anyways." She retorted.

"Yes, Bev, we love you dearly. But you need to understand that if our bedroom door is closed at any time, it'd be a good idea to *not* walk in without knocking." Richie said, throwing an arm around her.

"Why do you have your door closed anyways? You live alone?" Mike asked, making a face.

"Eddie's paranoid. And for good reasons, too. Why, do you two not shut your door?" Richie wiggled his eyebrows and Mike flipped him off while El laughed.

"Bev, you look like you've been scared for life, did you see something you shouldn't have?" El asked her, giggling a little.

"Boy did I." She shook her head. "Apparently, Richie will walk around butt naked after a shower while Eddie reads in bed. Never thought I'd see Richie's ass and his dick all in one day."

"I'll never forget that scream." Richie laughed.

"*RICHIE FUCKING TOZIER*!" Eddie mocked. Bev cackled.

"Wait a minute, does that mean you've seen his junk on separate days?" Mike asked, making a face.

"I have, sadly." She sighed, sitting in another chair. "No offense, Mikey boy, but Richie has a better ass than you." El busted out laughing, covering her mouth with her hand. Mike snorted so hard it hurt. Richie just giggled like a little girl.

"You've seen Mike's ass too then?" Richie asked, grinning.

"Yep. Right before our Senior year, we were at Steve's swimming and Mike and El had been getting a little hot and heavy in the pool by themselves and she apparently… loosened his shorts and when he pulled himself up out of the pool, he mooned us all."

"Oh my God, I thought we said we weren't talking about that ever

again." He moaned, covering his face with his hands. El laughed, squeezing his shoulder.

"I saw the front and everyone saw the back." She snickered. "That was before we'd *ever* done anything other than makeout."

"Shh!" Mike whined, sliding down until he was sitting on his ass.

"No, keep going." Richie laughed. "This is golden. It took you two until your *Senior year*? Damn, when did you lose your V card?"

"Prom." El replied, shrugging. "He never rushed me for anything so there's nothing wrong with it."

"I'm not saying there is." Richie said, holding his hands up in surrender. "I think it's cool that he waited for you, considering… Anyways, how old were we when we did the do for the first time, Eds?"

"We *did the do* on your nineteenth birthday." Eddie replied easily, sitting in the chair next to El. Richie turned red.

"Come on, baby, make me look lame as shit in front of everyone." Eddie grinned, waving a hand at him.

"Can you guys like, not talk about doing the do please?" Hopper practically begged from the living room. El nearly shrieked with laughter.

"I forgot you were here!" She laughed. "Shit, help me up, I'm gonna piss myself." With a laugh, Mike stood and helped her up. She waddled her way to the bathroom and Mike dusted off his pants.

"I'm gonna need the giraffe twins to come give us a hand in here, please and thank you." Jonathan said, leaning against the door frame and looking at the four in the kitchen. Said *giraffes* laughed and headed into the living room.

An hour or so later, all guests had arrived and everyone was talking and eating the sweets Karen and Max made. It was thirty minutes after everyone arrived that Nancy announced it was time to open presents. And there are a *lot* of them. Mike and El sat together on the

love seat as everyone else gathered around to watch them open presents. Everyone that was in Hawkins- minus for of the Losers and three party members- were there, and a few of El's friends, along with Karen and Joyce's *friends* were there, though they didn't stay long, just dropped of presents and talked with El for a bit and left. They didn't like the idea that there were men at a baby shower.

"I can have men at *my* baby shower if I want." El had grumbled to herself, though Mike had heard her and hugged her.

"Don't worry bout them, El, it's none of their business. Besides, this is our child, our house, we can do whatever we want." She nodded, kissing his cheek.

"I just really hope that I'm not a bitch like them when I'm fifty." She muttered. He snorted.

"I don't think you will." He said, kissing her on the head. "Ready to go open a shit ton of gifts?"

"I'm ready to look at hundreds of diapers." She agreed and he laughed.

She wasn't wrong, the two had received a bunch of diapers- majority of they'd have to take back and switch for the brand they were using. They got a lot of white, yellow and green outfits and baby blankets.

"The rest of the Losers and Trashmouth said they're gonna get you guys some stuff after lil Poot is born so that he or she has some blue or pink stuff." Richie told them, handing over a box. "Also, Bev had these made." He gave them a grin and they looked at each other.

"Really, Richie?" Mike asked, giving his brother a look as he held up a small T-shirt that said *Uncle Chee is prettier than Dad.* El had one that she loved, that said *Mama's the prettiest of all.* Richie snickered.

"I love it." El said, smiling at Richie.

"So you're saying I'm pretty, but you're prettier?" Mike asked. Richie nodded.

"I beg to differ." El said, winking at Mike who laughed.

After all the clothes, diapers and baby wipes, they got a stroller from Joyce and Hopper, some little stuffed animals from Bev and Max, a car seat from Karen, and bottles and pacifiers from Jonathan and Nancy.

Sunday, March 7, 1993

"Chee." Eddie called quietly, shaking his fiance's shoulder. "Chee!" He called a little louder. Richie grunted, rolling away from him. "Richard Tozier, wake your scrawny ass up right now."

"What'd I do?" He asked sleepily, turning his head so that most of his face was smashed into a pillow- but Eddie could see one eye that was barely open.

"It's your birthday, shithead."

"I feel loved." Richie groaned. "It's just another birthday, man, no big deal."

"First off, you know I love you, two, don't call me man, and three, it's you and your brothers first birthday together." Richie, who was in the middle of turning over, fell off the bed, nearly taking the blanket and two pillows with him. Eddie shrieked and covered his mouth, laughing as he crawled over to Richie's side to look at him. He was laid out on the floor, eyes wide as saucers.

"You're right." He whispered, "What time is it?"

"Eight thirty." Eddie replied and Richie and shot up faster than Eddie thought possible. He grabbed the pair of jeans he'd been wearing last night and put them on, hopping as he did so, and grabbed a shirt. Eddie just watched him with a grin. He ran into their bathroom to brush his teeth while Eddie got up and pulled his own clothes on.

"Slow down, babe, Mike's not going anywhere." Eddie chuckled.

"He has to go to work at like nine thirty." Richie told him.

"Oh, well in that case, you have like an hour, slow down." Richie snorted but did as he was asked. He sat on the bed as he waited for

Eddie to finish getting ready. Once he was, Eddie plopped in Richie's lap and wrapped his arms around his neck.

"Happy birthday." He said, smiling sweetly. Richie smiled back and pecked him on the lips.

"Thanks, baby." He kissed him again and hugged him.

"You excited for the show tonight?"

"Yes!" Richie exclaimed quietly, doing a little dance in his seat. Eddie laughed. Trashmouth was having their first actual show tonight in Chicago and everyone was going- even El, who was adamant in going and wouldn't take no for an answer. Her doctor said it would be fine, so she's going.

"I can't wait to see you guys perform again. It's been too long."

"Ugh, I know. We've practiced but I can't wait to perform for people." Eddie chuckled and nodded.

"Are you nervous?" He asked. Richie shrugged.

"You get nervous when you care." Eddie pulled away a little and looked at him for a couple seconds.

"I don't mean to offend you or anything, but that's literally the smartest- no, sweetest thing I've ever heard come out of your mouth." Richie laughed and pecked Eddie on the lips.

"I only speak the truth, Eds." He gave him a grin and Eddie grinned back. "Now let's go." He stood up with Eddie in his arms and walked out of the bedroom while Eddie cackled.

Even though they live right down the street from Mike and El, they drove because it was so cold. Mike opened the door before Richie even had a chance to knock.

"Richie!" He exclaimed, grinning.

"Happy birthday!" They said in unison, and Richie jumped at Mike. They hugged tightly while Eddie chuckled and El took pictures from

her spot on the couch.

"This is sweet but I'm freezing my ass off, can you guys move over a little so I can shut the door?" Eddie asked, poking Richie's side, making the taller man squeak and move away from him. "Thank you very much." Eddie shut the door and joined El in the living room.

"Alright boys, come here." El said, motioning for them to join them in the living room. "I was gonna wait until later because I didn't think Richie was gonna be up this early." She raised an eyebrow at him and he pointed at Eddie.

"He woke me up."

"Richie also fell off the bed when I told him it was his first birthday with you." He gestured to Mike. Mike snorted. He crouched in front of El and Richie followed suit. She took out a small (but tall) box and took the top off, showing two cupcakes with a birthday candle on each one. The two chuckled and she grinned.

"Rich, do you have your lighter on you?" She asked. He snorted and nodded, taking his lighter out of his pocket. He lit the candles and with big grins, El and Eddie sang happy birthday to them.

15. Chapter 13

Shinedown is a new favorite of mine so of course Trashmouth performs their songs (as originals tho XD)

Also, this is a long one (as you can see XD) :D a good bit of the labor is based off my brother's girlfriend's experience when she was having my niece. She didn't hurt until hours after her water broke, even though she was having contractions.

Emery- sksks I freaking love you. Lord did you have a lot to catch up on XD sksksk thank you! ily

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Thursday, March 15, 1993

"I really don't think this is a good idea, El." Mike said as they walked to their seats. She was four days away from her due date, braxton hicks contractions happening nearly constantly, and yet here she was, in the new theater in Hawkins- where Trashmouth would be performing.

"I'm fine, Mike." She waved him off, waddling her way to the top row and sitting in the last one. He'd kept one hand on her back the whole way up, and gave Max- who'd saved them their seats- a forced smile.

"Not too happy, huh, Wheeler?" She asked, patting El's giant belly- El would kill her if she'd said it out loud, but it was true, her belly was big and they were gonna have a big baby. No doubt about it. El smiled at her.

"I'm just worried, is all." He replied, shrugging. El patted his hand and intertwined their fingers together. Looking around, she noticed that she had a clear path to the bathroom if she needed it, and a whole other way to the entrance- that would've taken less walking. She huffed a little.

"What?" Mike asked.

"There was another way we could've come in, wouldn't have had to

walk so much." He chuckled.

"We know now." He said.

"Plus there's a bathroom, which I'm probably gonna need to use fairly soon." Mike snorted.

"That's why you got an end seat, Mrs. Wheeler." Max said, smirking at them. El rolled her eyes.

"Did you forget my actual name or something?" She asked, raising a brow at her. Max just grinned.

Six o'clock rolled around- the time their performance would start- and they came on stage. Eddie had joined them on their row, next to Max. It was unsurprisingly a full house, after a small show at one of the bigger parks in Hawkins, the news about the band spread and many people wanted to see them.

"How's everyone doing?" Ayla asked, grinning. There were multiple yells in response. "I'm Ayla, that's Jack, Malcolm and *the* Trashmouth himself, Richie." Everyone clapped.

"Are you sure you're not Wheeler?" Someone yelled.

"One hundred percent, got the contacts in today." Richie grinned. "Mike is here today though, hi Mike!" He waved towards the back and Mike snorted, flipping him off. "Well that's rude, he shot me the bird. Anyways, enough about my rude little brother- we're going to be performing for an hour tonight, and you'll be hearing some of our newest originals for the first time."

"This first one was written by all of us, this is *Call Me* ." Jack announced as he began playing piano.

" *Wrap me in a bolt of lighting, send me on my way still smiling, maybe that's the way I should go…* " Richie sang.

It was almost seven o'clock when El had to use the bathroom for the fifth- yes fifth- time and she stood with the help of Mike's hand on her back.

"I'll be back." She told him. He nodded with a smile, grinning as most of the people in the front were up and dancing to the song.

"I've gotta pee too, stand up, Wheeler." Max said, standing up. Mike rolled his yes but did as he was asked, and sat back down. Eddie snorted at him and Mike stuck his tongue out.

"What's up, buttercup?" Max asked, reaching El fairly quickly.

"Mike didn't ask you to come with me, did he?" She asked, narrowing her eyes slightly. Max snorted, shaking her head.

"No, I have to pee too." El grinned, nodding. They went in the bathroom together because that's just how they are, and El used the bathroom first as Max did weird poses in the mirror while El laughed. She stood up to clean herself when she felt something gush between her legs. She froze and looked at Max, who stared back at her. "Did you just pee on yourself?" Max asked, almost hopefully.

"Uh, no." She looked down at the slightly red liquid sliding down her legs. "Huh, my water just broke." She looked back at Max. "You might want to uh, go tell Mike while I clean up in here."

"What- How are you so calm about this?" Max muttered. "I'll be right back. Are you sure you'll be okay?"

"Yeah, I'm not in pain or anything." She said, nodding along with her words.

"Okay. Be back in two seconds." Max darted from the bathroom. El huffed slightly, patting her belly.

"Guess you wanted to steal all of Uncle Richie's thunder, huh baby?" She said softly, smiling to herself. She carefully moved her pants so she could clean up everything- somehow not soaking them in the process- by throwing a couple wads of toilet paper on the ground.

Max sprinted the few feet- literally freaking the fuck out- to their seats and smacked Mike on the arm.

"Mike, El's water broke." She said. He eyed her.

"What?" He asked. It had gotten louder in the last couple minutes.

"El's water broke!" She nearly yelled. His eyes widened and he jumped up, running to the bathroom. Eddie stood up too, and the two followed Mike to the bathroom. El was using her foot to move the toilet paper around to soak up everything. She looked at Mike with a grin.

"Are you okay? Are you hurting? Or having contractions?" He asked quickly, gently grabbing her arms and moving her away from the mess.

"I'm fine, Mike," She chuckled. "I'm not hurting okay? Don't freak out on me already."

"I-El- what the hell." He shook his head slightly with a breathy laugh. "How are *you* not freaking out?"

"I'm sure I will be soon, but lets get this cleaned up so we can go." She said matter of factly. Mike stared at her for a couple seconds and looked at Max and Eddie, who had come in the bathroom too.

"Uh, okay. What do you want me to do?"

"Help me with my pants, please?" She asked sweetly. He nodded and pulled her pants up to where she could reach them without bending down.

"Okay, um, you guys go take her to the lobby so she can sit. I'll be there as quick as I can." Mike told them.

"I can help, Mike." Eddie said, opening the door for the two women.

"No, I got it, um, yeah I got it." He gave him a forced smile. "Thanks though."

"It's okay to be nervous, Mike." Eddie told him with a small smile. "Just take a couple breaths and calm down." Mike nodded and Eddie left him alone.

"Fuck." Mike whispered to himself, doing what Eddie told him before cleaning up. He was done in record time and by then, people were

leaving the building and Richie and Ayla were standing with Eddie and Max and El were sitting on a bench.

"My ass hurts." El grumbled as he reached them. "Who thought it was a good idea to not put cushions on this thing? You'd think I'd have enough cushion back there by now."

"El!" Mike choked on a laugh, shaking his head fondly as she grinned at him. He knelt in front of her.

"The lady over there let me call dad and he's calling Angie to make sure she's at the hospital." Angie is her doctor and by hospital she meant the small building behind the main hospital, which was for special cases. "And he said we should go there anyways even if she isn't there yet." Mike took his keys out of his pocket and fiddled with the key ring until he got the house key off.

"Okay, come on baby." He stood up and helped her stand. He looked at the others. "Can you guys go get our stuff from the house and bring it? I want to head straight there."

"Yeah of course." Richie nodded, taking the key and putting it on his key ring. He gave them a grin. "Go on and go, we'll see you there." They smiled at him and Mike and El made their way out of the building. The remaining four looked at each other.

"Well, this is happening, okay." Max nodded. "My best friend is having a baby." Her eyes were wide as saucers.

"Okay, Max is freaking out more than them both, so let's get this show on the road." Eddie said with a snort, pushing them towards the doors. "Do you two wanna head up to the office with them or go with us to get their stuff?"

"I'll come up there later on, we have to finish packing stuff up." Ayla told them.

"Shit, yeah, you're right. Okay, see you later!" Richie called and the three left.

"I'll help you guys because I know where everything is." Max told them. "I'll meet you guys there."

Thirty minutes later, El was set up in one of the bigger rooms, connected to many different monitors. Her contractions had started but weren't really bothering her, just making her uncomfortable.

"Hello hello!" Angie said with a big grin, walking in the room- having just arrived. "How's everyone feeling?"

"Good." El told her with a smile.

"No pain yet?" Angie asked. El shook her head. "Where's Mike?"

"Bathroom." El told her, nodding towards the bathroom. Mike came out not even two seconds later.

"Oh, hey Angie." She snorted and waved.

"Are you two excited?" They nodded.

"Nervous as all hell, though." Mike muttered.

"That's one hundred percent normal, Mike." Angie told him, and he nodded. She took a pair of gloves out of the box and put them on. "I'm gonna check and see if you've dilated, okay Sweetie?" She told El, who nodded and made grabby hands at Mike. He sat back down in the chair next to her bed and took her hand. She always hated when Angie had to check down there during her last few appointments. She squeezed her eyes shut as Angie checked her, and let out a breath when it was finally over.

"You're dilated three centimeters already." Angie told her with a smile. "Must be in a rush to get out of there." El snorted.

"I can't wait." She sighed, looking over at Mike who smiled at her.

"So, you guys have a few- and by few I mean a lot- of visitors waiting if you want to see them." She told them and they nodded. Mike had called everyone to let them know, including Will, Lucas and Dustin. Lucas and Will were coincidentally about to leave for the airports to come home for the weekend- both having time off until Tuesday. Dustin just had an early weekend and was literally one foot out the door the second Mike told him.

Only a few minutes later, the large group came into the room, Richie carrying the baby bag and Max was carrying their own overnight bags.

"Before any of you say anything," Angie told them, "Try not to be too loud and don't stress her out or anything, okay? As long as you do that, you can all stay here as long as you want." Everyone agreed and she let them in, going to the nurses desk to answer a call.

"Hey baby, how are you feeling?" Joyce asked as she rushed to El, hugging and kissing her. El smiled at her.

"I'm fine, no pain yet. I'm three centimeters though!"

"The fuck does that mean?" Richie muttered. Karen, who had finished smothering Mike and El both in hugs, looked at him with a grin.

"Do you really wanna know?" He eyes her and looked at Mike, who shrugged.

"Uh, yeah?"

"Come with me." She motioned for him to follow her and the two went to a corner where she explained to him. El could hardly contain her laughter at the look on Richie's face.

"She's laughing at Richie, that's a good sign." Bev said, leaning against the wall.

"Shut it, Molly Ringwald." Richie grumbled, standing beside her. "Do *you* know what it means?"

"Of course I do. And I know that this could be me soon enough." She raised an eyebrow at him and he blushed.

"We haven't talked about it yet." Richie told her quietly.

"Talked about what yet?" Nancy asked.

"When they were gonna have a kid." Bev said brightly. Richie nudged her in the side and she pinched his arm.

"What took you guys so long?" Mike asked, walking over to them and looking at Richie.

"I may have took a shower before we left." He said sheepishly. "And borrowed some clothes- I'll wash them before I give them back. I was sweaty as shit and didn't want to stink." Mike snorted.

"Don't worry about it, man." Mike waved him off. "Although I'm just noticing how weird you look in stripes. Did you have to get a stripped shirt?"

"Dude it was literally the only thing I could find besides your uniform."

"I own more than just striped shirts, Richie." Mike rolled his eyes.

"Coulda fooled me."

Two hours later, El had to force Mike to eat the dinner Hopper had gone to get him- telling him she wasn't hungry and that it wouldn't bother her if he ate- and everyone else leaving and coming back after their own dinners and clothing changes. They were determined to stay in case anything happened. El's contractions had started to hurt- not bad- but enough for her to close her eyes for a few seconds. No one had noticed, and she was glad. They were about four minutes apart, from what she figured. Angie had just left after checking her dilation- five centimeters now- when she had a particularly bad one.

"Shit." She muttered, and Mike looked at her for a split second before sitting on the side of the bed and letting her squeeze his hand. She took a deep breath and let it out, looking at him.

"Everything okay?" Hopper asked, and everyone looked at them.

"Uh yeah, can everyone leave for a bit?" El asked. They all nodded and left the room, shutting the door behind them. El sat up and rested her forehead on Mike's shoulder. "That one hurt more than the others." She said quietly.

"They've started hurting?" He asked. She nodded and sniffed a little.

"Sorry I didn't tell you."

"It's okay baby, don't cry." He cooed, rubbing his hands up and down her sides. She sniffed again and nodded, putting her hands on his sides. "Do you want a back rub? Would that help?" He asked and she nodded again, leaning back. He reached up and wiped under her eyes, pecking her on the lips. "I love you."

"I love you too." She gave him a small smile. He got up and moved around to the other side as she scooted over. He lied behind her and rubbed her back.

Friday, March 16, 1993

It wasn't too long after her contractions got worse that she got an epidural and was able to sleep for a while- Mike too- so everyone stayed in the waiting room. Around 2 AM and a few people were asleep but Karen and Joyce stayed in the room with them. The epidural dulled the pain and numbed her legs, but other than that she was feeling everything. Now two minutes apart, her contractions were getting worse and worse but Mike helped her through them. With every contraction, the lights flickered wildly.

At exactly 3 AM, Angie came to check her, and with a big grin, announced,

"Ten centimeters! You ready?"

"No." El grunted, squeezing Mike's hand. "But let's do this." Joyce and Karen hugged and kissed them before leaving to tell everyone the news, and El was prepped for delivery.

"You've got this, El." Mike whispered to her, dabbing at her forehead with a wet cloth.

"It hurts!" She moaned, taking a deep breath and pushing for what felt like the millionth time that night- or morning? She didn't know what time it was anymore

"I know baby, I'm sorry."

"Shut up." She grunted. "It takes two- shit!" She pushed again, squeezing his hand tight. The lights flickered during that one.

"I see hair!" Angie said, grinning up at the two. "We're getting closer, El, it'll be over soon. I promise." El just grunted and pushed during the next contraction, lights flickering again.

A little while later, in the waiting room, Will had just arrived with Lucas and Dustin in tow.

"Any news?" Will asked, hugging everyone as they greeted them. Elizabeth and Max kissed their boyfriend and fiance, and joined everyone else in sitting.

"Not yet." Karen said, shaking her head.

"She's been pushing for what? Two hours maybe?" Joyce asked, and Karen and Nancy nodded.

"Two and a half." Karen said. The lights flickered harshly only seconds later.

"I see El is not handling the pain well." Dustin said, snorting a little. Elizabeth smacked him on the arm.

"Shut it. You wouldn't be laughing if you were in her position."

"What time is it?" Joyce asked. Hopper looked at his watch.

"Five thirty-two." He replied tiredly.

"The lights have been flickering every couple seconds for the last half hour." Eddie told the three newcomers. Richie was stretched out on the couch with his head in Karen's lap, knocked out.

"Yeah-" Nancy started but the lights flickered for a good ten seconds, and a few light bulbs exploded. It stopped quickly, and Richie sat up, rubbing at his eyes.

"The fuck was that?" He muttered.

"El just made some light bulbs explode." Max said.

"Still no baby, I assume?" They all shook their heads.

"At least, as far as we know." Karen said, patting his shoulder. No one said anything for a few minutes, a comfortable silence falling over them.

"The lights haven't flickered anymore." Holly said quietly. "I think the baby is here."

"It's a boy!" Angie announced, placing the screaming baby on El's chest.

"Oh my God, oh my God, Mike!" El cried, looking at him. She let his hands go and sort of hugged the baby to her chest, rubbing her hands up and down the towel to try and clean him off some. Mike stared, wide eyed at the tiny baby on his wife's chest. *Their* baby.

"You want to cut the cord?" Angie asked him. He looked at El, who nodded quickly, and cut the cord with a shaky hand. He leaned over the bed and kissed El, placing a hand next to hers.

"I'm so so proud of you." He whispered, knowing his voice would crack if he spoke any louder. She giggled a little and rested her forehead against his. She looked at the crying baby and chuckle wetly.

"He has so much hair. He's perfect." Mike kissed the side of her head.

"Perfect." He agreed, wiping his eyes.

To be continued….

16. Chapter 14

Hello, it is I, I haven't forgot about this story I promise! I didn't think it would take me this long to update, but it's been INSANE over here with school, I got a new job taking care of an older lady I've known my whole life- and she has me up looking for shit you'd think she doesn't have, but does- and the WIFI has been acting like an actual asshole so it hasn't worked much. And with the holidays coming up it's been a big ass mess, but I just started my two week break! I'm not making *any* promises, but… I'm gonna *TRY* and have the next chapter of Phenomenal Mutiny up by Christmas Day, or New Years at the latest. But like I said, no promises!

This is short as shit but I wanted to get something out to y'all already. The next chapter, whenever it may be, will be everyone meeting little Wheeler!

Emery- I always look forward to your reviews! They make my day every time! This chapter most likely won't induce much squealing, but I hope you like it anyways! And I will definitely NOT be writing smut for this story or any other stories, I promise!

P.S. I love you too and I hope you continue loving this!

"Congratulations!" Angie announced as she walked into the waiting room.

"The baby's here?" Karen asked, jumping up.

"Mhm, I was asked not to reveal the gender just yet because they both want Mike to tell you guys." Karen covered her mouth and looked at everyone else who had wide grins and even a few tears in their eyes.

"How did everything go?" Hopper asked.

"They all did perfect." She said with a smile. "Matter of fact, El asked

for one of the nurses to take a few pictures, to catch their reactions, and I have two of them right here." She held up two Polaroid pictures, handing them to Karen who let out a quiet sob and pulled Hopper in for a hug. They were passed around, everyone aweing at the pictures.

The first one captured their reactions perfectly- Mike was wide eyed in awe and El had the biggest smile on her face as she hugged the baby to her chest. The other one was them kissing, Mike's hand over one of hers. "Mike is gonna come out fairly soon as I'm about to go and take the baby for testing." She told them. After a short conversation with Joyce and Karen, Angie left to go get the baby.

Before Angie left, she stitched El up and the baby was being cleaned and weighed.

"He's a big one, for sure! Nine pounds, two ounces!"

"Oh my God." El laughed tiredly.

"I told you he was gonna be big!" Mike said, grinning at her. She smiled at him. "He has so much hair." He muttered, gently caressing his son's head. The baby boy had quieted down, not making much noise as he was swaddled and a hat placed on his head.

"Do you want to hold him?" The nurse asked, and Mike nodded quickly, taking the squirming baby in his arms. His eyes stung with tears and his vision blurred, so he quickly wiped his eyes with his sleeve and sat facing El on the bed.

"I'll go let everyone know that he's here for you guys." Angie told them.

"Don't tell them he's a he." El told her, wiping at her eyes as well. "I want Mike to tell them when he goes out." Angie chuckled and nodded.

"When I get back I'm going to take him back for tests- it won't be but an hour." She assured them. They nodded and she finally left.

El sat up a little more and rested her hand on Mike's shoulder, a small smile on her face as she looked at him.

"I love you." She whispered.

"I love *you*."

He carefully put the baby in her arms and wrapped her in a hug, burying his face in her shoulder. El giggled and hugged him back, kissing the top of his head.

"I'm so proud of you." He said, words muffled. "*God* I love you." She giggled again.

"I know." He lifted his head up and gave her a look and she grinned tiredly. He reached up and tucked a strand of hair behind her ear, pecking her on the lips.

"We've gotta name him." He said quietly. She nodded.

"I want to name him after Benny." She told him. "If you like it, at least."

"I do." He nodded in agreement.

"*And* I want to name him after your dad. Benny Theodore Wheeler?"

Mike gave her a big smile and nodded, tearing up again.

"I love it."

It was probably twenty minutes before Angie came back, but it only seemed like twenty seconds to the new parents. She reassured them multiple times that she and the other doctors were just running normal tests like they do every newborn, and promised them that it would only take an hour. Mike could even take everyone to the nursery window- apparently that was a thing that no one knew about until now.

"Do you want me to bring anyone back with me?" Mike asked, standing up.

"Just our parents for now." She replied, and he nodded, pecking her on the lips.

"I'll be back soon." She nodded and smiled, reaching over and grabbing her drink. He went to the bathroom in the hall first, rinsing his face with cold water, and then walked down the long ass hallway to the waiting room.

"Oh shit, there's Mike!" Dustin practically yelled, immediately being shushed by Elizabeth. He stood up excitedly as Mike walked through the door- as did everyone else. Mike stopped for a second and scratched his head, looking at everyone.

"You guys are all here still?" He asked, confused.

"Of course?" Max said. "We've been here all night, waiting for the little shit."

"Hey!" Mike glared at her. She laughed. Karen walked up to Mike and pulled him into a tight hug.

"Congratulations, baby. I'm so happy." He smiled and hugged her back. She barely let him go before Richie and the rest of the party were on him.

"Do we have a little Paladin or a little Mage?" Dustin asked, bouncing on his heels. Mike chuckled and hugged Richie, who was making grabby hands for him.

"I love you, Mikey boy." Mike snorted.

"I love you too, you doof."

"Well get on with it, do we have a grandson or granddaughter." Hopper asked, crossing his arms. Mike grinned at him.

"How many of you think it's a girl?" Everyone except Richie, Nora and Nancy raised their hands. "You guys think it's a boy?" He asked, and they nodded. Nora grinned at him.

"I know it's a boy.'" She said sweetly.

"Well," He smiled softly at her, tears stinging his eyes *again*, "You three are right."

"It's a boy?" Richie shrieked, smacking Mike as if not believing him.

"It's a boy." Mike confirmed. Karen squealed in excitement and hugged him again. He chuckled, hugging her back and wiping at his eyes. "God, he's so perfect, mom." He whispered. "I wish dad were here…"

"I know baby." She rubbed his back comfortingly.

Eventually, she let him go and Mike was passed around, hearing congratulations too many times to count.

"Do you have a name picked out, kid?" Hopper asked, resting a hand on Mike's shoulder. Mike nodded.

"Yeah, but I don't know if El wanted me to tell you guys yet though." Hopper nodded in understanding.

"How'd she do? I know she exploded a couple light bulbs and a window somewhere."

"Did she?" Mike chuckled, surprised. He knew about the light bulbs, but not a window. Hopper nodded, grinning. "She did *so* amazing, Hop. He's a big baby, nine pounds and two ounces."

"Holy fuck." Max deadpanned. "Fuck that, I'm having C-sections."

"Did she rip?" Nancy asked, curiously.

"Nancy." Mike said, raising an eyebrow. "Didn't you? And Nora was only six pounds."

"Good point."

"Did what rip?" Richie asked hesitantly. Eddie groaned and muttered something about making him go to a class- before pulling him off down the hall to explain.

"Poor Richie. Eddie's gonna get down in the nitty gritty now." Bev snickered. Mike chuckled.

"I should probably get back to El." He said after a couple seconds.

"She wants our parents to go with me now, but you guys will get to see her soon." Mike explained. "You should all go home for n-"

"No, I'm staying." Dustin said, promptly sitting in a chair, and the rest of the party followed suit- as did literally everyone else except for the parents. Mike snorted.

"Okay, well, I'll see you guys later on then." Everyone grinned at him and gave him little waves- and the four disappeared down the hall. Mike knocked lightly on the door frame and walked in. El was in the middle of a giant yawn and stretch- eyes shut. She jumped a little when she opened them, but smiled and waved at them.

"Hi, I'm not pregnant anymore." Hopper laughed at that and he rushed over to her, hugging her carefully.

"I'm proud of you, kid." He told her. "Congratulations."

"Thank you." She smiled up at him. Karen and Joyce hugged her as well.

"Angie is gonna bring him back soon, it's already been thirty minutes."

"Damn, I was gone that long?" Mike asked, sitting next to her on the bed.

"Yeah, it's okay though, I got me a little nap." She smiled at him sweetly.

"Well good."

"Why don't you *both* try and take a nap? We'll stay here with you guys so we can meet him." Karen offered.

"Ugh, I love you." Mike said, pointing at her. He looked at El, who nodded in agreement and cuddled into his side.

"Goodnight, wake us up when baby comes back."

17. Chapter 15

Sorry it's taken so long for this to be up! it's never taken over 2 monts to update this story or Collision, so once again, I'm sorry. I hope you guys like it!

It wasn't very long after Mike and El tried to take a nap when Mike, Hopper, Joyce and Karen made their way back into the waiting room.

"Is everything okay?" Nancy asked.

"Yeah, yeah- just, Angie said it was gonna take a little longer because blood tests are taking forever or something. Do you guys want to go see him in the nursery?" Richie was up and bouncing on his feet before Mike even finished the sentence. He chuckled and nodded, motioning for everyone to follow him. He led them down the hallway, passing El's closed door, and down another hallway. He stopped in front of it and grinned as everyone crowded around him, trying to catch a glimpse of the baby. A nurse jumped in surprised, and moved out of the way, where Benny was swaddled tight in a blanket in a single bassinet. The nurse picked him up and brought him closer to the window. Benny yawned and Karen burst into tears.

"He's got a big mouth like his dad." Max cooed.

"Shut up, Max."

"He's so sweet!" Karen cried, covering her mouth, wrapping one arm around Mike. Mike chuckled.

"Wow." Dustin whispered, in awe. "That came out of El?" Mike rolled his eyes and nodded.

"He did." He smiled, biting his lip. "God, I love her." Surprisingly, no one was a smartass to him for what he said. Usually, there's a "We know!" thrown in there somewhere. Hopper clapped him on the shoulder.

"I'm proud of you, kid." He said. Mike grinned at him. "I knew I'd be standing next to you here, one day. Didn't think it'd be this soon,"

Hopper gave him a look and Mike shrugged, "But I'm glad it's you."

The nurse put Benny back in the bassinet and walked to the door, opening it.

"MIchael Wheeler, correct?" She asked Richie. He snorted and pointed at Mike. "I keep forgetting you have a twin. I'm about to take him back to your wife so she can feed him and your family and friends can get to meet afterwards, okay?" Mike nodded and she went back into the nursery. He turned to the others.

"You guys remember how to get to the waiting room from El's room, right?" They nodded. "Okay, i'll come get you guys once he's fed- I'd rather you not see my wifes boobs." There was laughter all around as they headed back to the waiting room. Mike hugged his mom again before going back into El's room, where Angie was helping her sit up and unclasp her hospital gown correctly. He pecked her on the lips and sat in the chair next to the bed.

"I'm gonna go and get you an extra pillow to rest your arm on." Angie told her. El nodded and turned to Mike.

"What did everyone say?" She asked.

"He yawned and mom started crying her eyes out." Mike chuckled. "Max said he had a big mouth like me and Dustin was just like… wow, that came out of El?" El laughed, shaking her head.

"Dustin's a trip." She said, smiling. "He's gonna be such a bad influence."

"Hm, I don't know, we thought the same thing with Nora but he turns into a puddle if she so much as smiles at him, he can't teach her his ways that way." El giggled.

"Very true."

"Look who I've got!" The nurse from the nursery cheered softly, rolling Benny in his bassinet into the room. El smiled wide and made grabby hands for him. Angie came back in with two pillows instead of one, tossing one of them onto the couch and helping El put the other under her left arm. The nurse gently put Benny in her arms and

he let out a tiny noise.

"I'm Ann by the way." The nurse- now known as Ann, said before leaving the room.

"Don't be discouraged if he doesn't latch right away, all babies are different." Angie told El, who nodded. It took a couple tries, but soon, Benny was happily eating. There was a knock on the door and Angie answered it, coming back a few seconds later.

"If you guys need anything at all, press the button on the remote and Ann will come to you, okay? I have an emergency to go handle." Mike nodded and gave her a smile.

"Thanks Angie."

"Of course." She closed the door gently and too off down the hall.

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"Do you want to burp him?" El asked, shifting around so she was holding Benny with her other arm, closer to Mike.

"Uh… yeah." He grabbed a towel off the table and threw it over his shoulder, just in case, and took Benny from El. He put him on his shoulder and El nearly started crying again.

"Where's the camera?" She asked.

"In the drawer." He told her. If it weren't the fact that it was her who wanted to take a picture of him- and that he was holding his son- he wouldn't let them take it. El grabbed it out of the drawer and took a picture of him. It was Karen's Polaroid camera, so she shook the picture until she could see it clearly.

"Oh my God." She covered her mouth with her free hand. "This is so cute. I can't believe you're a daddy." Mike smiled and held a hand out to her. He kissed her hand and went back to patting Benny on the back.

"I can't believe you're a mama." He told her. "Or that were parents already. It feels like it was just yesterday that we found you in the

rain." She chuckled and nodded in agreement, wiping under her eyes.

"I love you."

"I love you too."

11 11 11 11

"If you want to see him, you've gotta be quiet, guys." Mike scolded Richie and Dustin, who both pouted.

"God, you're already acting like a dad." Nancy snickered.

"Shut up." Mike opened the door only to hear El giggling. "What's so funny?" He asked.

"He pooted." She replied. Mike snorted and shook his head, opening the door all the way so everyone could follow him. She gasped, looking at them. "Does that mean he farted while he was in me?"

"That is disgusting." Eddie shivered. "But probably true."

"El, the water that came out of you yesterday was mainly his pee." Mike said. She gave him a flat look then looked at Benny.

"That's nasty." She said in a baby voice. "Here, show him to everyone." She sat up a little and let Mike pick him up. As he did, he looked at Karen, who was already crying again.

"Mom, don't freak out." He chuckled. "El already got a picture of me holding him."

"I need a picture of everyone holding him. At least one each." Mike threw his head back, then looked at his son.

"I hope you're okay with pictures. There'll be a million and one by the time you're a week old."

"Oh hush." Mike walked around the bed to where everyone was huddled together.

"El, do you want to tell them his name since I told them he was a

he?" She snorted and nodded.

"First, hello everyone. I'm here too and not pregnant anymore."

"Ella Bella!" Richie whisper-yelled, rushing over to hug her. "Congratulations, sista!" She giggled and hugged him back. One by one, everyone hugged her and congratulated her and Mike.

"This is the cutest baby I've ever seen." Nancy said, caressing his little cheek.

"What about your daughter?" Mike asked, raising an eyebrow.

"She's gorgeous, don't get me wrong, but he's so cute. Can I hold him?" Mike nodded, handing him over.

"Wait, what's his name?" Joyce asked. Everyone looked at El, who grinned.

"Benny Theodore Wheeler."

"Oh my-" Karen covered her mouth and pulled Mike in for a bone crushing hug. He chuckled and hugged her back. "I love it, and I know your father would too."

"Thanks mom." She eventually let him go and hugged El, then took pictures of everyone as they got to hold him. When Eddie offered to give Benny to Richie, he hesitated.

"I've never held a child before."

"You've held Nora." Holly said as Bev said,

"You've held Eddie."

"Beverly Marsh!" Eddie scolded, kicking her lightly in the ass. She laughed.

"Yeah but they're both like ten times bigger than him."

"I'm gonna punch you, Richie." Eddie grumbled. "Hold your nephew or I'll tell him how much of a wimp you are when he's five." Richie

snorted but nodded, letting Eddie but Benny in his arms. He stood impossibly still, body stiff, not wanting to drop the tiny human. Benny cooed and yawned and Richie relaxed a little, trusting himself to hold him in one arm and poke his nose with his free hand. He scrunched his nose a little.

"You're so freaking cute, what the hell."

"Language." Hopper gave him a look and Richie grinned at him.

"Can I take his hat off?" Richie asked.

"Yeah, I wanna see if he was bald like you and Richie were." Max said. Mike rolled his eyes and took Benny's hat off.

"Holy shit!" Hopper covered his mouth, snorting.

"Language!" Richie mocked.

"Christ, that child has a lot of hair. Good luck with that mess." Hopper said, chuckling.

"Oh hush." Joyce and Karen both smacked his shoulders.

"I think it's your turn now, Hoppy." Richie said, walking towards the older man. Hopper rolled his eyes but gladly took Benny in his arms. He stared at the small boy and let out a sigh.

"I know he isn't my first grandchild, but I never thought I'd have any. So thank you, kids." He looked at Nancy and Jonathan and then at Mike and his daughter.

"Don't make me cry, dad."

"Well I'm already crying, so suck it." Hopper replied, making everyone laugh.

18. Chapter 16

Even though I ask the group chat to shoot me on a daily basis, please don't shoot me! I'm soooo sorry this has taken so long to get out and I sincerely apologize. I am eventually gonna tell y'all about it but honestly I'm too lazy and too busy at this point. I love y'all and hope y'all like it! I didn't know how else to end it so... yee.

Friday, March 16, 1993
11 AM

The only people left at the hospital were the family- their friends had left maybe an hour after Hopper confession- which was three hours ago now. El was taking a shower with the help of a nurse, and Mike was changing the first poopy diaper while his family watched. They sure were a weird bunch.

"Jesus, what has that child been eating?" Richie gagged, putting his shirt over his nose. "Ew, why is it green? He'll be vegetarian- watch. Shitting flowers by the time he's two." Mike sighed, shaking his head.

"Richie, he's not even six hours old yet." He held a few baby wipes in his hand to warm them, like his mom taught him, and cleaned Benny and put a new diaper on him. "You gots long little toes, sir." He said in a baby voice, running a finger across the bottom of his foot. His toes twitched a little but otherwise didn't make a sound.

"Thank God you covered his wee wee up or he would've pissed on us." Mike stared at him, a flat look on his face. He balled up the dirty diaper and acted like he was going to throw it at him. Mike had never seen someone move so fast, hitting the floor with an *oof*.

"Why am I marrying you again?" Eddie asked, shaking his head.

"You love me." Richie retorted, standing back up and looking over Mike's shoulder at the dark haired baby. "He's so freaking cute," He sighed. "I want one."

"Next year." Nora said matter of factly.

"If she's right, I'm gonna shit myself."

"I mean.. She did keep pointing at El last summer and saying baby. Now we're here." Mike said, picking Benny up.

"That was just a coincidence, I think." Richie shrugged.

"You never know, Bev might be pregnant with one of you guys kids this time next year." Nancy said, wiggling her eyebrows.

"Eddie." Richie said as Eddie said,

"Richie."

"What, no, I want a little Eddie." Richie pouted.

"Hmm, good point." Eddie scratched his chin. "A Bev and Richie child would never shut up and be trying to smoke by the time they're five."

"Wow, rude. Let's play rock, paper, scissors on it."

"Seriously?" Hopper asked, looking between the two. Richie shrugged.

"Fine." Eddie stood and walked over to Richie.

"Mike, you be the ref." Richie said, holding his hands up. Mike rolled his eyes.

"One, two, three, go." Richie did scissors and Eddie did rock.

"Fuck, best two out of three."

"Rich, I thought you wanted a little Eddie." Will said, brows raised.

"Well yeah but now I want a mini me just to spite him." Richie did end up winning, but Eddie was glad. He wanted a little Richie too.

"Wait til Bev finds out she's having your kid." Eddie snickered.

"She's gonna be happy and you know it." Richie stuck his tongue out

at him.

"How do you guys plan on doing it?" Karen asked.

"Well, mom, I'm gay so not the traditional-"

"Richard." She chuckled, rolling her eyes. He laughed.

"I don't know yet." He said. " On a serious note, we did go last week to this doctor woman and talk about our options."

"Which are?" Jonathan asked, picking Nora up and bouncing her in his lap.

"One of us- me, I guess- has to, you know, in a cup-" He snorted at himself. "And the doctor can like, inseminate her with it or she can get a turkey juice squeezy thing and do it herself."

"Oh my actual fuck." Mike face palmed.

"I hate to agree with him but that's literally what she told us." Eddie said.

"Please tell me you're not about to try and make Bev stick a turkey baster up her-" Holly started and Karen smacked lightly on the back of the head.

"Holly!" She scolded. Holly giggled.

"No," Richie chuckled. "But you know damn well that's what I'm gonna tell her to start with."

"She's gonna kill you." Nancy said. Richie shrugged.

"We're all gonna have to get checked and see if we're fertile before we try anything." Eddie said. "And I'm included because Bev told us that as long as she's able, she'll gladly do it two times."

"And that way we'll both have mini me's." Richie grinned proudly.

"Don't go to the same doctor's office we went to when we were younger. We were told El most likely wouldn't be able to have kids,

you know… after all the shit they injected in her." Mike said. "And now that we have Benny I just wanna go tell that doctor fuck you but he's dead and that's disrespectful."

"Jesus, how old were you when you got checked?" Richie made a face.

"We were fifteen." Mike replied. "To be clear, I didn't get checked. Just El because her period was all outta whack."

"Mike, I think you need a nap." Nancy chuckled.

"No." He replied, putting Benny on his chest and leaning back on the pillows.

"You'll wanna get as much sleep as possible, baby." Karen said. "He might be a good baby now, but that could change when you go home." Mike shrugged.

"I just wanna look at him."

"You can't even see his face right now, Mike." Will said.

"Shut up, Will."

"What've I missed?" El asked, walking back into the room, wearing one of her night gowns instead of the hospital one, her hair down and damp. She sat on the bed next to Mike, resting her head on his shoulder and looking at Benny, whose cheek was squished against his fathers chest and cuter than ever. "You little squish." She poked his cheek lightly. Mike chuckled and answered her question.

"How Richie's gonna," Mike made a fart noise, "into a cup and make Bev impregnate herself with a turkey baster." Mike said. El closed her eyes and sighed.

"What the *hell*."

"To be fair I didn't say it like that. Mike's just delirious." Richie said, plopping himself down into Eddie's lap.

"Shut up, Richie."

"Oh my God!" Karen exclaimed. Mike looked at her weird.

"What?" He asked. She stood up and grabbed her camera. "Mom!" He whined.

"You haven't taken your first family photo yet!" She said. Mike sighed and El snickered. She sat up a little and put a hand on Mike's, smiling so Karen could take the picture. Mike did as well, even though he hated it- but it was only for his wife and son.

Tuesday, March 23, 1993

Benny is a week old today, and things were still going pretty well. The only time he cried was if he was hungry or needed a diaper change. The new parents had plenty of help over the last week, Karen staying with them to help if they needed it, and Richie coming over just to hold him while they slept.

Despite wanting to hold and look at him all the time, Mike and El made sure to have him in his crib or bassinet often. They didn't want to spoil him to the point of them having to hold him constantly. They held him a lot, of course, but when he was sleeping, he was usually in his bassinet. They'd catch each other just staring at the dark haired baby, multiple times a day.

"I can't believe he's already a week old." El said, running a finger over his cheek.

"Me neither. It still doesn't feel real." Mike replied, leaning his head on her shoulder. They're in their bed- El having just fed him- and Mike was lying on his back while El sat against the headboard. "Mom told me she's gonna call the rest of the family today."

"Oh God." She looked down at him.

"I know." He chuckled. "They're gonna try and make a big deal out of it but she said she'll tell them that if they want to meet him, to wait until they're in town for Richie's wedding."

"Good, but we need to make it clear that they're here for Richie and not just us. I don't want to steal his thunder."

"Richie won't let anything or anyone steal his thunder." Mike said with a snort.

"Very true." Benny yawned, making a tiny noise. "Same, little one."

"D'you want me to put him in his crib so we can take a nap?" h asked. She looked like she wanted to argue but decided against it, nodding. Mike got up and took Benny,

"Hey buddy." He cooed. He got a fart in response and laughed. "I'll be back soon." He told her. She nodded and pecked him on the lips when he leaned down. He carefully made his way to Benny's room and sat in the rocking chair.

Mike hummed a little as he rocked back and forth, looking down at his son.

"I still can't believe you're real." He whispered, caressing his tiny cheek. "Your mama is so strong and I love her so much. I love *you* so much, my little guy." He chuckled a little. "Guess you're not so little though, huh? I hope you don't end up tall and stringy like me."

19. Chapter 17

Sunday, April 18, 1993

"You getting nervous yet?" Mike asked, watching his brother burp Benny. Richie shrugged.

"I'm more excited than anything, ya know?" Mike chuckled and nodded. "I might shit myself on Saturday- which will be very bad considering I'm wearing white." Mike rolled his eyes.

"I still can't believe you're gonna wear white." He laughed.

"Well, believe it, because I am!" Richie grinned at him, thn sighed, looking down at his nephew. "I can't wait."

"To get married or have a baby?"

"Uh, both." Mike snorted.

"I love that little dude so much, but he's hardly older than a month and has peed on me four times. And not once on El." Richie laughed again.

"He's got something against you then- I told you when he was born you should cover his wee wee."

"No, you said you were glad I covered it, not that I should."

"How do you remember that? You were half asleep." Mike shrugged.

"Watch, if you have a son, you'll get pissed on all the time."

"Why is it that you two always talk about babies peeing on you when you're together?" Eddie asked, walking from the kitchen with a plate of fruit. He put it on the coffee table and sat beside Richie.

"Mike started with the piss talk first." Richie replied, eyeing the grapes on the plate. Eddie chuckled and picked two up, popping on in his mouth. "That's just cruel." Richie pouted. Eddie just grinned.

"Open your mouth." Richie did so and wiggled his eyebrows. "Never mind, no grape for you!" He ate the other one.

"Sorry! Gimmie grape, pleaseeee!" Eddie sighed.

"Fine." He picked up a small one and tossed it in his mouth.

"That's cold, Eddie." Richie huffed.

"I'm sorry, here." Eddie chuckled and fed him a couple more.

"I thought you didn't like healthy stuff." Mike raised an eyebrow.

"Just grapes." Richie said.

"But you told me the only fruit you ate were bananas." El said, walking down the stairs. Richie almost choked on grape, so he handed Benny to Eddie, who held him with one arm as he smacked Richie's back.

"He wasn't talking about actual bananas, El." Mike told her. Richie continued coughing- and now laughing.

"I love you, El." He gasped. "Such a sweet, innocent mind."

"I wouldn't say that now." Mike grinned, laughing when she smacked his arm. "How else would Benny be here?"

"Shut it!" El squeaked, plopping down on the opposite end of the couch. She stuck her tongue out at him.

"I don't think Eddie's ever been innocent." Eddie said. "I was told his first word was fuck."

"You're not wrong. "Richie snorted. "There's a picture of me when I was like, one, where Mags wrote that I'd just said fuck."

"The first thing he ever said to me was fuck." Eddie said.

"Well, that didn't turn you away from me though, eh? The first thing he said to me was that I was funny looking."

"You still are." Eddie deadpanned. Richie made a face at him. "When

you make weird ass faces like that, at least."

"So if I'm straight faced, what am I?"

"Honey, there's nothing straight about you." Eddie said, patting his shoulder. "But you're adorable when you wanna be." Richie grinned.

"You're one to talk, you gay ass." Richie retorted. "You're always cute, cute, cute!" He poked Eddie's cheek. Eddie went to bite him and Richie squeaked, pulling his hand away. "You kinky bastard." Benny started whimpering, so Mike stood and Eddie let him take Benny, the baby quieting down quickly.

"Nap time!" Mike cooed. "I'll be back in a few minutes." He said, and made his way upstairs. El watched him go with a smile on her face. Richie gagged and Eddie smacked him. El rolled her eyes.

"So, you still haven't told your mom?" She asked Eddie.

"Oh hell no. I don't plan on telling her anytime soon." Eddie said, shaking his head. "She won't know unless someone else tells her." That sentence came back to bite him in the ass not even twenty four hours later.

Monday, April 19, 1993

"You're kidding me, Bill." Eddie said, clutching the phone in his hand.

"No." Bill said. "My mom told me she asked your mom about the wedding when she saw her at the grocery store. I just saw her try to board the plane an hour early."

"Oh my God. Richie's gonna flip his shit." Eddie covered his mouth with his free hand.

"I'm so-sorry, Ed. I should h-have t-told her not to tell."

"It's not your fault, Bill." Eddie ran a hand through his hair. "Or your moms- she didn't know. Richie's been stressing the hell out all morning, calling and double checking after Nancy to make sure everything is set and ready to go and he's nervous about talking to

Bev- don't ask." Eddie sighed. "The only reason he didn't answer is because I made him shower- so you know he'll be in there a while."

"Just... break it to him easy. Or I'll do it as soon as we get there."

"No, she's my mom, I need to tell him."

"Shit- Okay, well, we're about to board but I'll call when we land."

"Okay, love you, Bill."

"Love you too, Ed. Good luck." Bill hung up. Eddie sighed, glancing towards the stairs. He's surprised his mom hadn't called their house. Thirty minutes or so later, Richie came trudging down the stairs- hair still damp but pulled out of his face. Eddie was sitting on the couch, the TV on but not watching it.

"Who died?" He asked hesitantly.

"No one." He shook his head and patted the seat next to him. Richie plopped down and curled into Eddie's side. "My shirt's gonna get wet." He joked.

"I'll wash it for you." Richie muttered. Eddie rubbed a hand up and down his shoulder.

"I hate to stress you out even more but..."

"What?"

"My mom knows." Richie let out a sigh and Eddie really thought he was gonna burst into tears for a minute.

"I've honestly been waiting for you to tell me hat." He said quietly. "Who told her?"

"Bill's mom."

"Goddammit, Sharon." Eddie couldn't help but snort. "How long have you known?"

"Bill called and told me while you were in the shower, right before he

and everyone else boarded the plane. Said she was trying to get on the plan an hour early."

"Jesus."

"The second I see her, I'm gonna take her somewhere, private I guess, and I'm gonna talk to her. You don't even have to see her, okay? I'll make her leave at the first attempt to take me away."

"You shouldn't have to do that." Richie sighed. "It's so *fucked* up, Eddie. She's your mom, I know you love her and that you're hurting because of her. It just sucks."

"I know." Eddie agreed. "But I can't make her change. I'll give her an ultimatum without a second thought."

"I don't want you to cut her out completely because of me, Eddie."

"It's not just because of you, Richie, and you know that. You're not… not getting cold feet are you?"

"I mean my feet are cold because I don't have socks on… wait… on, no! No, baby no." Richie chuckled a little. "Hell no, we're getting married no matter what happens. I just don't want you to have to cut her out completely, you know? But she's the one that's got to make that change."

"You're right." Eddie sighed. "It all sucks. I guess we'll see in a couple of hours."

The second Sonia walked into their house, she started fussing over him and pretty much forced him to stay close to her, even telling him that he should probably go see the chiropractor because she thought she heard his back crack.

"I'm not you, Ma!" Eddie yelled. "Just because you stayed up your mothers ass until you were thirty doesn't mean I have to! And I'm not. I am an adult, I can make my own decisions. I can and will marry the love of my life with or without you there. He did not turn me gay, but goddamn, when I'm telling you this, I'm telling the truth. If I were straight, I'd go gay for him any day." Sonia looked at her

son, wide eyed. Richie looked like he was either gonna cry or laugh-maybe both. "You should be happy for me that someone loves me enough to spend the rest of their life with me, even though I'm a giant asshole half the time. I know Richie loves me, he's shown me more love than you ever have. I love him, and I'm sick of your shit, Ma. I'm not gonna deal with it anymore, not with you acting the way that you do. I'd really love it if you'd get your head out of your ass for long enough to act like a mother, go to my wedding and dance a mother son dance with me. But if not, well, I have another mother willing to take your place." He looked ready to pull out his inhaler any second.

None of them said anything for a while, just staring at each other.

"I would like to talk to Richie." She said, finally. Eddie raised an eyebrow, glancing at Richie, who'd gone pale. "Privately."

"If… If he agrees, then okay. If not, well, you'll be fine. Richie?"

"I'll talk to her, as long as she doesn't insult me every other word." Sonia didn't say anything, she just remained seated. Eddie held his tongue and went to the kitchen, squeezing Richie's hand comfortingly. The door shut behind him and Richie faced the she-demon.

"Mrs. K." He said, crossing his arms and nodding once.

"You should sit." She said, gesturing to the couch.

"I'm good." He replied. "What did you want to say to me?"

"I want this to be kept civil." She started. He scoffed.

"You're one to talk about keeping things *civil*."

"Richard."

"No, don't you *dare* say my name like you have authority over me." He hissed. "Say what you're gonna say so I can get as far away from you as possible."

"Why do you love my son?" She asked.

"Excuse me?" Richie's eyes widened, preparing to go off on her when she said quickly,

"I don't mean it how you think. I think everyone should love him. I want to know why *you* love him." He scoffed.

"If you hadn't been absolutely insane when we were kids, you'd know." *You're still insane*, he thought. "Your son was the best part of my shitty life. My parents- adopted parents- abused me, physically, mentally, verbally, anyway you can think of. If it weren't for Eddie, I'm sure I'd be dead right now."

"That doesn't tell me why you love him-"

"Sonia, if you would let me speak." He said, letting out an irritated sigh. "I love your son because for a long time, he was my only happiness. Still is my main happiness. He's a little dick and anyone who didn't know us would think we weren't even close to being a couple- but I know he loves me. I love him- everything about him. Even his dickery. I love his name, his face, his hair, personality- everything. I love how he doesn't take your shit anymore. I'm so so proud of him for standing you to you like he's done. And he shouldn't have to stand up to you, that should not be a choice he has to make. And I'm a mother fucking delight once you get to know me, but no- you'd rather control every aspect of your son rather than get to know the man he's gonna marry. That's not how parenting works."

"You don't have children-"

"No, I don't. But I will one day. Does anyone really know how parenting works? No one's perfect. I'm not, you surely aren't. Even Eddie isn't, but he's perfect to me, perfect *for* me."

"When did you realize you loved him?" She asked. Richie stared at her for a minute or so.

"When we were fifteen." He said. "I'd always liked Eddie, from the moment I met him. We were at the quarry one night, with the rest of our friends. We'd been dating for a while already, hadn't got to the *I love you's* just yet. I just looked at him, in the middle of a conversation with Bill, and stopped talking. His eyes were bright and

he was happy, laughing at Mike and Stan. He'd looked over at me at the same time I looked at him. It was like…" Richie sat down with a huff. "Time froze for a couple of seconds, as cheesy as it sounds. I told him I loved him the second I could form words. Just blurted it right in front of our friends." He looked at Sonia, who had a small smile on her face.

"He has his father's eyes." She said, finally. "That's what I fell in love with first." Neither of them said anything for a few seconds. "I'm sorry, Richie." She said, eventually. "I'm sorry for treating you so badly, especially with what your parents- adoptive- had been doing to you. I understand that it'll take a lot more than I'm sorry for you- and Eddie- to forgive me."

"Yeah, Sonia, it will. Do you know how many nights I held Eddie, him crying to me about you? He has *nightmares* about hospitals, doctors sticking him with needles and forcing pills down his throat. He's told me he can hear you screaming at them that there were so many things wrong with him. And as far as I can tell, you haven't apologized once for that. But despite all that, he still wants to go to medical school, so he can help people." Richie shook his head. "It's not just me you should be apologizing to. Your son, he needs it. He needs an explanation. If you love him, why'd you torture him so badly?"

"I didn't- I wanted to help him. I didn't mean to… to *torture* him. Really, I didn't. I couldn't- I *can't* lose him. It would kill me- especially if I knew I could've gotten him help but didn't. I guess I went a little overboard."

"A *little*?" Richie rolled his eyes. "Don't even go there. Way more than a little."

"Fine, I went *way* overboard." She huffed.

"Anyways… are we done? I have things I need to do for the wedding and check on things. Eddie might kill me for it but…" He shrugged.

"We're done." She confirmed. He nodded and stood up.

"Well, I, uh… I'ma go talk to him for a minute and I'm sure he'll be

right out." She nodded and he all but ran to the kitchen, shutting the door behind him and leaning against it. He saw Eddie sitting on the counter and Stan and Patty sitting at the island. "When did you two get here?" He asked.

"We've been here the whole time." Stan said, nodding towards the door.

"Did you come in the back?" He asked. They shook their heads.

"No, we just let ourselves in." Stan said. "The door was unlocked." Richie pointed at him.

"No." Stan grinned.

"We also heard everything." Patty said with a grimace. "You two are not exactly quiet people."

"Well…" He hesitated. "At least I don't have to retell those terrifying moments."

"It seems to me that she's actually had a change of heart." Eddie said, hopping off the counter and walking over to him, wrapping his arms around Richie's middle. Richie hugged him back. "Do you know how much relief was lifted off my shoulders after hearing that?"

"I can only imagine, babe." Richie told him. "I'm glad, though. I hope you two can have an even better, uh, heart to heart I guess you could say." Eddie rolled his eyes but shrugged.

"We'll have to see. Now, Stan would you and Patty entertain him and don't let him go anywhere near Nancy's house or let him ask Bev a million questions?" Eddie turned to them. They nodded in unison.

"Yes sir." Stan saluted him.

"Oh God, you're turning into Richie."

"That's just rude, Spaghetti."

20. Chapter 18

Hello,it me, after nearly 4 damn months. Lot's of shit's been going on but I ain't bouta get in to all that. I hope y'all like this chapter, you can guess what next chapter is! Also, I am slowly but surely working on Shadows of the Night, I've just been busy as *fuck* lately.

"Hello, friends and family, as we are not completely sure how to have a bachelor party considering there are two bachelors, we're not going to have them- their choice." Steve announced. "They'd much rather have their own party, if you know what I mean." Richie started clapping and everyone laughed, Eddie rolling his eyes. There was just the wedding party and immediate family here, including Sharon and Zach Denbrough. Most were in the dining room (also where the reception will take place) so it was just Nancy the wedding planner, and the wedding party. Most of the family will be in town in the morning rather than coming and staying the night-although their grandparents are on their way and will be there for the dinner (also meeting Benny for the first time). "Mrs. Wheeler, other Mrs. Wheeler, Mrs. Sinclair and Mrs. Henderson has prepared everyone dinner for after the rehearsal. Mike, are you prepared to be Richie's stunt double?"

"What?" Mike sat up straighter.

"You've gotta walk down the aisle instead of Richie in the rehearsal, genius."

"Remember how Max had to walk for me?" El told him.

"I don't understand weddings." Mike sighed. "Why was I not informed sooner!" He grumbled.

"I told you, dude, you thought I was just fucking with you." Richie snickered. "Chunky kept you up late last night, I assume."

"You shut your face."

"Okay so, we're doing tallest to shortest. Girls, did you bring your shoes?" Nancy asked, standing up. There was a chorus of yes. "Good, put them on if you haven't already." Benny started crying almost as soon as El moved to sit back down.

"I got him, baby." Mike said, picking him up and putting him on his chest. She smiled at him gratefully.

"Can I walk down the aisle with Benny tomorrow instead of flowers or something?"

"I thought you were gonna walk with a dildo." Stan deadpanned.

"That's a good idea!" Richie exclaimed.

"No." Nancy and Karen chorused.

"Do you *have* a dildo?" Mike asked, eyebrows raised.

"Maybe." Richie wiggled his brows.

"Gross."

"Again, no, Richie." Nancy repeated.

"Poopy." Richie pouted. "It's *my* wedding."

"Richie. Grandparents."

"Oh, ew. Yeah, nevermind!"

"Anyways…" Nancy sighed. "Eddie, you go stand by Steve, Mike, you go stand with mom at the back. Okay, so, Mike and Bev will be walking together because she's somehow the tallest girl by like, a centimeter, so Bev, you stand with Richie. Also because you're both best man and best woman." With a grin, Bev skipped over to Richie and put an arm through his. "Next is Bill and El, the maids of honor." Everyone laughed at that. The two stood behind Richie and Bev. "Next is Ben, you're with Elizabeth, Hanlon will be with Holly,Max and Lucas and finally Stan and me, I'll come stand with you afterwards."

"She takes this way too seriously." Richie whispered to Bev, who snorted.

"Says you, Mr. I need to check everything ten thousand times after her. You're a bridezilla, I never would've thought that." Richie poked her in the side at that with a laugh.

"Everyone remember what order we're in for tomorrow, I'll still be making sure, but you still need to know. Mike and Bev will be the first to walk out through that door, which we'll do in a minute." She pointed towards the hallway outside of the room, where they'll gather tomorrow. "Hm, actually, follow me we'll go ahead and do it." With a few huffs, they walked out into the hallway, Mike still bouncing Benny a little, one of Karen's arms through his. They got back in order and Nancy said,

"Ayla is playing the guitar as we walk, so Bev, count to ten and you can walk. You two will both be standing on Richie's side. Bill and El, when they reach the middle, you can start walking, and stand by Eddie, and so on. Everyone get it?" They all nodded. "Girls will be standing on Richie's side and guys on Eddies. Ayla isn't here tonight but Bev, go ahead and count to ten and start walking." Karen and Mike stood behind the closed doors, waiting for Nancy to call them.

Rehearsal was a success, the only problem being Mike and Richie giggling like school girls at the weirdness of it all. Once Nancy was satisfied, they moved to the other end of the building, where the rehearsal dinner and tomorrow, reception, will take place. Those who had been invited were already seated and waiting to make their plates.

"It took you asshats long enough." Erica huffed.

"Oh shut it you little shithead." Richie replied, patting her head fondly. She glared at him but he grinned at her.

"Richie is the Steve to the new generation." Dustin laughed.

"Richie my boy!" Grandpa called, walking over. Nana followed behind soon after. He pulled Richie in for a hug. "How are you

doing?"

"I'm great, I get to marry Spaghetti over here tomorrow." Richie grinned at Eddie who rolled his eyes at the nickname and hugged Grandpa. Nana hugged Richie so tight his face started to turn red.

"I'm so happy for you, Richie." She said, letting him go. "And I know you're happy with Eddie and that's all I could ever ask for." Richie just smiled at her and kissed her cheek.

"Thanks Nana." The four talked for a few minutes, the grandparents asking how wedding planning had gone, Eddie ready and willing to tease Bridezilla Richie.

Eventually, though, the soon to be husbands had to leave them and sadly introduce their mothers. Sonia had walked over cautiously to Eddie and asked him why a woman- Karen- was staring at her so angrily. Richie made an *oh, shit* and practically ran to his mother,

"Mom, please don't go apeshit on her tonight. You're welcome to do so before she leaves." She glared at him and crossed her arms.

"Why shouldn't I? After all the things you've told me she said to you and what she did to Eddie."

"We talked when she got here yesterday, mom. Believe me, it sucked, but she ended up apologizing and I feel like she has the potential to eventually be forgiven."

"That doesn't mean I'm gonna act like her best friend. You're my son and if one of my other kids said something bad about you, I'd beat their ass."

"I know, mom, and you don't have to. And I seriously hope they wouldn't, because like I told Sonia, I'm a mother fucking delight." Karen finally cracked a smile and laughed, pulling him in for a hug.

"I love you." She chuckled.

"I love you too, mom."

"Hello." Sonia greeted, walking up to them with Eddie. Eddie must

have explained to her who she was and why she'd been looking at her like she did, because she actually looked apologetic for once. Or, well, technically the second time. "Sorry to interrupt."

"It's okay." Richie replied. "How are you doing tonight?" Richie asked.

"I'm good, and you?"

"Good. So, uh, mom, this is Eddie's mom, Sonia. Sonia, this is my mom, Karen."

"It's nice to meet you." Sonia said, holding a hand out.

"Likewise." Karen shook her hand. Sonia glanced between the two of them.

"I see where you get your good looks from." She said, and Richie nearly had an aneurysm. His eyes nearly popped out of his head and Eddie held back a laugh.

"Thank you." Karen said. "All my children are beautiful."

"Shucks." Richie fanned his face and she flicked his shoulder. He snickered. Sonia actually smiled.

"So, I was told that you have a twin brother?" She asked.

"Oh, yeah, he's around here somewhere."

"Benny peed on him again." El popped out of nowhere, making Richie jump.

"*How* do you do that? Teach me your ways." El snorted and patted his shoulder. "Benny peed on him again? Really? I told him to cover it up!" El rolled her eyes at him.

"Richie, when you guys have kids, you'll get peed on, pooped on, puked on, *snotted* on. Just wait." Richie cringed a little at that.

"Um, hello?" Sonia greeted. El turned to her and saw Eddie standing next to her, giving her a look. She barely kept the glare off her face, instead putting on a fake smile and holding out a hand.

"I'm El, Richie's sister in law. You must be Sonia?"

"I am, it's nice to meet you." Sonia shook her hand.

"You too."

"So how much pee got on him?" Richie asked.

"Enough that I had to go out to the car and get him another shirt and pair of pants."

"Dammit Benny." Richie snickered. "I love that little shit."

"You're a little shit." Mike huffed, holding Benny so he was facing everyone. The month old was trying to look around, even though he couldn't actually see much at all yet. "Stop calling my son a little shit."

"He's my nephew, I'll call him what I want. Isn't that right, Chunk?" Richie tickled his foot and laughed when he moved it away.

"He's gonna beat your ass one day." El snorted. Richie shrugged.

"Worth it."

"I'm Mike." Mike said to Sonia. "I'd shake your hand but my hands are kind of full."

"No worries. It's nice to meet you."

"You too." El moved closer to Mike and smoothed down a little bit of Benny's hair. "What's his name?" Eddie couldn't help but roll his eyes. She *just* heard El say his name. Karen had to go check on the food, and the small group stood while Sonia asked them questions about Benny and complimented him.

"Chee Chee!" A tiny voice yelled, and Nora came barreling towards her uncle, latching onto his legs as she looked up at him.

"Nori!" he gasped, picking her up and hugging her. "Where have you been, you little turd?"

"Mama is bossy." she tried to whisper. "I had to try on my dress again."

"It doesn't get any better, missy." Mike told her. "She's always been bossy."

"Stop talking crap about me around my daughter!" Nancy yelled. "You're not very quiet you know." she said as she reached them. She eyed Sonia but didn't say anything, instead putting her hands on her hips and staring at her brothers. "Come on baby, let's eat."

"I've got her, Nance, go eat and maybe have a drink or two." Richie said, seriously. "Relax."

"Says the man that's been freaking out about tomorrow for the last week." Eddie rolled his eyes, leaning his head on Richie's shoulder and looking up at him. Richie stuck his tongue out at him.

"Will you be okay if Uncle Richie gets you food?" Nancy asked. Nora nodded excitedly. She knew Uncle Richie would give her sweets, mama wouldn't. "Alright, let me know if you need me or Jon." she kissed Nora's cheek and flicked her brothers on the back of the head. The second Nancy was out of sight, the Uncle and Niece duo looked at each other with huge grins.

"Oh God." Eddie muttered. "I'm about to have two energetic children on my hands."

"I'm *older* than you!" Richie retorted.

"Yes, and?" Richie stared at him for a second before very seriously sticking his tongue out at him. Eddie snorted.

"Anyways, let's go see what the lovely ladies made for us to eat. Ready Nori?" Richie asked, lifting her onto his shoulders. She patted his head a few times in response. He looked at the others. "We'll be eating if you need us!"

21. Chapter 19

So! For some of you, this is probably sad news, but this story is sadly coming to an end... sort of. Technically, yes, this story itself is going to be completed.

But! We're doing some spin offs! For Every. Single. Couple! Yes!

We've got whole mini stories for Mileven, for Reddie, Bilverly, some Jancy, Lumax, Ben/OC, Will/OC, Mayla (Mike H & Ayla), Dustin/OC, some Steve/OC, etc! Characters will appear in all mini stories, but it'll mainly focus on the couple. What I'm planning to do is update each story according to my own timeline, so I won't be working on one mini series at a time until it's done, but multiple. Of course, I'll make note of what order each chapter will be in. It's probably confusing af rn, but once I get going, you'll understand :D

They probably won't be very long, mainly just big moments in life, weddings, babies, etc. Stuff like that. We've still got two, possibly three, more chapters to go after this, so be on the look out! I hope you enjoy the chapter!

Saturday, April 24, 1993

"*At laaaassst*!" someone sang loudly, right in Richie's ear. "*It's your wedding daaaaayyyyy*!" Richie threw the pillow under his head at the closest body, being the one and only Beverly Marsh lying next to him in his bed. She shrieked and he laughed, sitting up.

"You do know that's not the lyrics, right?" he asked her.

"I'm well aware, Richard." she said. "You can sing it to me, Stan and Mikey while you take a shower." she hopped off the bed and stood next to him, pulling on his arms until he was stumbling behind her, almost falling over if it weren't for his brother catching him.

"What time is it?" Richie asked.

"Nine AM." Stan replied, sitting on a desk chair. Richie spent the night at his moms house, in Mike's old room, and Eddie stayed at their house with Bill, Mike H and Ben. Lucas didn't spend the night but is probably on his way over.

"What the fuck. The wedding is at five?" Richie said. "Why am I awake?"

"Because we have eight hours to have you showered, shaved, hair dried, dressed, and do something with your hair. After we get your hair done we're going to Mike and El's with the girls so I can finish getting ready, and the boys in there will be joining your soon to be husband at your house. Except Mike, he's going with us." Bev said. Richie grinned

"I'm gonna blow dry your hair." Mike told him. Richie whipped around.

"Say what now?"

"Your hair takes too long to dry, so I'm gonna dry it for you like I used to do mine." Mike grinned.

"You're joking." Richie looked at him, then Stan and Bev, who shook their heads.

"Nope, I have a curling iron, don't worry, you'll still have bouncing curls." Bev joked.

"Stan, help." Richie mouthed as he was pulled into the bathroom. Stan just laughed and shook his head. Mike flopped onto his old bed.

"I'm going back to sleep, wake me up when it's time to dry his hair." Mike told Stan, who snorted and nodded.

"Will do."

"Bev, when I said that I was the "bride" I didn't mean it literally, right?" Richie said as he pulled his shirt off, turning the water on.

"Yes, and?"

"You're not gonna try and put makeup on me too, are you?" he asked, narrowing his eyes slightly. She snorted and shook her head.

"No. Look, Rich, everyone knows how long it takes for your hair to air dry, and we don't have time for that today. So, Mike is gonna blow dry your hair, and I'm gonna use the curling iron to make it look like it normally does, just… not as frizzy, ya know?"

"So you're not turning me into Nancy?" he asked.

"Nope! You'll still look like you, Rich, I promise." Bev chuckled. "We don't have to do it that way if you really don't want to, we can just towel dry the fuck out of your hair until it's some what decent."

"No, no, I trust you. Just don't make me regret it." he gave her a look and she saluted him.

"Now get your ass in the shower, Mr. soon to be Tozier-Kaspbrak ." Richie chuckled and nodded.

"Get out of here and I will." she grinned and left the room, going and flopping on top of Mike, who didn't budge.

"He's been out like a light since you guys shut the bathroom door." Stan said. "If having kids makes you that tired, no thanks." Bev snorted, nodding in agreement.

"Seriously though. I can only imagine what El is doing right now, probably half asleep feeding Benny."

"Who's the cutest baby there ever was? Hm? It's you!" El cooed at her son, who just stared up at her. She lightly pinched his cheeks and he smiled a little, which was just a reflex, according to his pediatrician, but it made her heart explode every time. "Do you miss daddy? Because I do." she picked him up carefully and held him up to her face for a few seconds, before holding him correctly. "We're gonna see him soon, though, don't worry."

"Do you know how fucking cute you are holding a baby? Like, seriously." Max said, walking into her room and crawling onto the bed next to her best friend. "When I have kids I won't look cute, I'll

look like a damn blobfish or something."

"Max!" El laughed. "No you won't. Did you not see me the day I had Benny? I looked like actual shit."

"No you didn't. You had a smile on your face the entire time I was there." Max rolled her eyes. "Yeah, you looked tired, but you were happy."

"I was." El sighed, looking at her son who was falling asleep. "What time are the girls getting here?

"In like ten minutes, I think." Max told her, "and Bev and Richie will be here after she finishes getting him somewhat ready."

"Okay, I'm gonna go put him in his crib, will you listen out for him? I'm gonna go ahead and get my shower before everyone gets here." Max nodded.

"Of course! I love staring at this adorable little fart." El rolled her eyes and chuckled, and the two went to Benny's nursery. She hummed to him as she put him in his crib, and he stayed put, didn't move a muscle when she moved her hands out of the way, sound asleep.

"Let me know if you need me." El whispered to her, and Max nodded, sitting in the rocking chair and looking around the room, and at her nephew through the rails of the crib.

The girls were later than ten minutes, so when they arrived, El was already out of the shower and drying her hair- knowing Nancy would want to curl it herself. She had her orange dress hanging up on the door of her and Mike's closet, ready to be put on.

The wedding party are wearing rainbow colors, naturally. Bev would be wearing a red dress, El an orange dress, yellow/gold for Elizabeth, green for Holly, blue for Max, and purple for Nancy. They were all different styles, whatever the girls had or bought that fit the color Richie and Eddie wanted. And the groomsmen would be wearing bow ties that matched the bridesmaids dresses, and black suits. Eddie would have a black suit as well, but a rainbow bow tie that Richie

chose. No one had any idea what Richie would be wearing, except for Bev. He had an idea of what it was, since he told her what he wanted, but otherwise hadn't seen it.

"Did everyone bring everything they needed?" Nancy asked. "Which is mainly just your own makeup because I'm paler than all of you except Max." The girls laughed at that but nodded in agreement. Joyce and Karen had come along with them, Karen having already put curlers in she and Holly's hair before they even left the house.

"I've been given the task by my wonderful son in law, to take pictures of everyone getting ready, since he'll be with the boys and taking pictures." Karen announce, holding up one of Jonathan's cameras. "When he's done taking the "professional" pictures of the boys, he'll be coming to do ours." Karen told them.

"Mike is seriously gonna hate that." El snickered. "Poor baby, doesn't see his own beauty."

"Oh my God." Max pretended to puke.

"She's right!" Karen agreed with her daughter in law.

"Mike just doesn't have the confidence as Richie. Richie stole it all." Elizabeth joked.

"Believe me, Mike is confident in his own way." El said, snorting at the grossed out faces of everyone around her. "Not like that you nasties!" she exclaimed, swatting at them with one of Benny's burp cloths. "Dirty minded asses."

"I'm so confused." Holly said, making a face.

"Stay that way." Nancy told her, poking her cheek. "Okay! Who's first?"

El ended up being first, so that she could get Benny if and when he woke up, and they could easily do her hair and makeup. It was a good idea too, because he started screaming his little head off the second someone else sat in front of Nancy, needing to be fed.

"Okay but Mike would have a heart attack if he were here, you

walking in all done up like that." Max said, handing the screaming baby over to his mother, who rolled her eyes with a smile.

"I know, I know, hold your horses little man." El said, taking Max's place in the rocking chair and pulling her robe down, quickly beginning to feed him. "Staring is rude, Max." El raised an eyebrow at her.

"Sorry." Max snickered. "It's just weird."

"What? The fact that you feed babies with your boobs?"

"Yeah, pretty much."

"Someone please tell me why Richie's hair is longer than Bev's." Stan said. "I mean, I know that's been the case since high school but holy shit."

Richie's hair, now straight and slightly poofy, was definitely longer than Bev's is now, who's hair is about shoulder length. Richie started laughing.

"I hate it, I hate it!" he exclaimed. "Ewww!"

"You look like Nancy when she was sixteen." Mike laughed.

"Bev, cut my hair." Richie said. "*Please*."

"Honey I don't think you want me to cut your hair." she said, shaking her head.

"You cut yours!" he said, pouting. She sighed.

"Fine, let's see what I can do. How short you want it?"

"I still want it to be longer than Mike's." Richie said. "I'm making a statement that everything's longer-" Bev grabbed a towel and smashed his face in it and he cackled. He nearly fell out of the chair but caught himself in time, giggling a little as Bev mimicked scissors with her fingers, making him laugh a little harder.

"You guys are disgusting." Mike said, sitting on his old bed cross legged.

"Yes, your point?" the two asked in unison. He sighed and shook his head, a small smile on his face.

"You might get used to them in about ten years." Stan told Mike, who made a face.

"God, I hope so."

"Before I start cutting, though, I'm gonna need you to take your glasses off and pose for me." Bev said, grinning with a camera in hand. Richie laughed but did as he was told, putting his glasses on the table next to him and posing for a few pictures.

"I'm calling it now, this is what your future daughter will look like." Stan said, leaning against the wall.

"Oh God, I fucking hope not." Richie said, shaking his head. "The little shit will have red hair and look just like Bev, I'm calling it now."

"You never know." she chuckled. "Guess we'll find out eventually, hm?" she asked. He grinned and nodded.

"How exactly are the pictures going to be done?" Richie asked as Bev started cutting his hair. "Because if I remember correctly, at Mike and El's it was right after the ceremony."

"Well, Jonathan is with Eddie and all the other guys getting ready and taking random as pictures of them." Stan said. "And after we finish with you, we're going to Mike and El's and when Jonathan is done taking pictures there, he's gonna go to their house and take pictures, including your own pictures, like he's doing for Eddie."

"Oh my God are we getting our own portraits?" Richie snorted. "That's the gayest thing. I love it. Bev, you better make me look good as shit."

"Richie, honey, you're gonna look snazzy as all hell, okay, don't you worry bout a thing." Bev grinned at him in the mirror, chopping off a thick strand of hair. "I don't know what I'm doing here, so if it's

fucked up, it'll look fine when it's curly."

"I have a feeling I'm gonna regret this."

"I have had many regrets in my life, and one of them is letting you fuckers spend the night in my house." Eddie stated calmly. "GET OFF ME BILL. I WILL KICK YOUR LEFT BALL." Eddie shrieked, arms and legs flailing as he kicked at Bill, Ben and Mike H, who all decided to wake him up by jumping on him. Bill was all over him, even after the other two got up. With a loud laugh, Bill rolled off him and lied next to him, holding his head up with his hand.

"You're getting married today, shithead."

"Yes, I'm aware." Eddie said, sitting up and scratching his head with both hands. "This is the only reason Richie wouldn't still be in bed with me, so. Obviously I'm getting married today."

"Are you nervous?" Mike H asked, grinning.

"Fuck you dude."

"That's Richie's job." Bill snickered. Eddie snorted.

"Maybe, maybe it's the other way around." Eddie replied casually.

"Wait what?" Ben's eyes nearly bugged out of his head.
"What?" Eddie asked, tilting his head slightly. Mike H wheezed to himself in the corner.

"Dear God. We didn't need to know that." he managed to get out. Eddie just laughed.

"Fuck. Anyways, we've all already had showers, and it's your turn. Jonathan will be here soon to take pictures and your mom is in the guest room getting ready already as well." Ben said. Eddie rolled his eyes, she had plenty of time to get ready, and now all she was gonna do is fuss over him and what he's wearing and how he styles his hair.

Though, when the time came, Bill calmly took her to the side and told her that Eddie was a grown man, and that he could dress and

look however he wanted because it was his wedding, in the nicest possible way. She looked like she wanted to argue, but when Eddie promised the two would get many pictures together, she relented and didn't complain again.

"I hope she says something about how Richie looks." Eddie muttered to himself as he tied his tie. "I'll have Bev bitch slap her into next week."

"She'd definitely try." Bill chuckled fondly. He sighed. "I miss her." he said for the hundredth time

"You *just* saw her last night, Bill. What in the hell." Eddie rolled his eyes at his best man.

"Like you don't miss Richie!"

"Of course I do! But I'm not constantly saying I miss him."

"I bet you're thinking it." Bill accused. Eddie rolled his eyes again and flipped him off.

"Tie your tie, asshole."